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MRS. SQUEERS DOSES THE STUDENTS

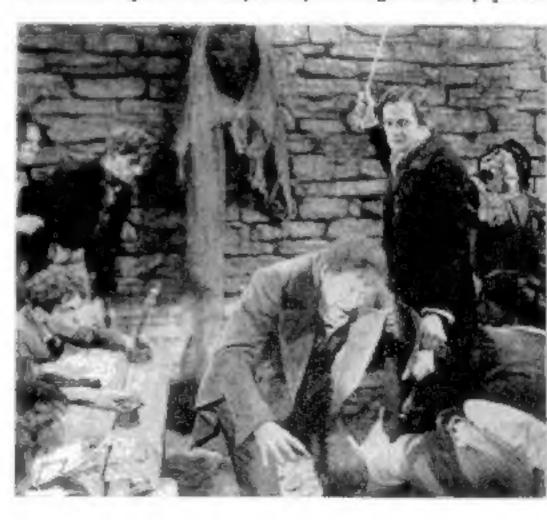
Mrs. Squeers, the surly wife of the proprietor of Dotheboys Hall, a prisonlike boarding school for poor boys, forces on the students a revolting physic of brimstone and treacle from a common spoon. The boys are also given slop to eat and are regularly beaten. Phiz's drawing of the scene is at left and the cinema's re-creation of it is shown in photograph above.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"
BRINGS PHIZ TO FILM

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY TURNS TABLES

Mr. Squeers habitually terrorizes Smike, a pale young servant at Dotheboys Hall, so much so that Nicholas Nickleby, a new instructor there, rises in anger against his employer and turns the tables on Squeers by taking a cane to him. Harassing Nicholas from the rear in Phiz's drawing is fiction's most repulsive fat boy, candy-sucking Wackford Squeers.







NICHOLAS GIVES A FRENCH LESSON

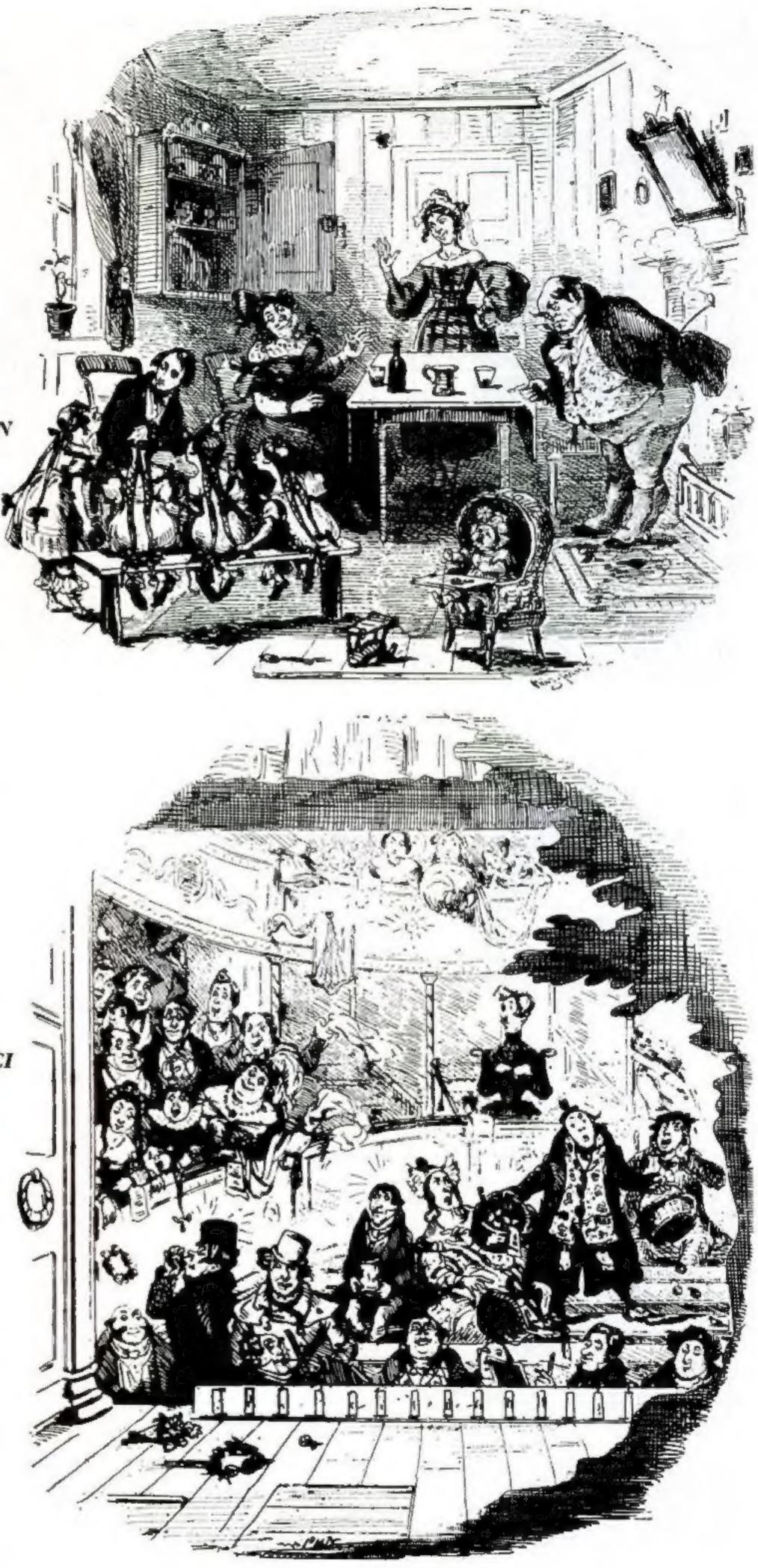
After leaving the school Nicholas secures a position teaching French to the four pig-tailed Kenwigs girls. Their mother (standing) is a complete snob who rejoices that her daughters were born "superior to common people's children." Their uncle, Mr. Lillyvick (right), thinks that French is not a "cheerful" language and distrusts Nicholas for teaching it.

Book-illustrating is a vanishing art today, but when Charles Dickens was in his prime the public demanded pictures with its fiction. Most famous and talented illustrator of Dickens was Hablôt Knight Browne, who signed his drawings "Phiz" to harmonize with "Boz," which was Dickens' own pen name. Dickens first selected him to illustrate Pickwick Papers (after turning down an applicant named William Makepeace Thackeray), and Phiz followed this assignment with David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby, A Tale of Two Cities and Martin Chuzzlewit. His pictures are such perfect delineations of Dickens' prose that the men who made the current movie version of Nickleby in England for J. Arthur Rank resurrected Phiz and used him as a guide for costumes and settings. Some close parallels resulted, as these pages show, and the movie itself - although far more heavy-handed than last spring's captivating version of Great Expectationsis consequently rich with authentic Dickensian mood.

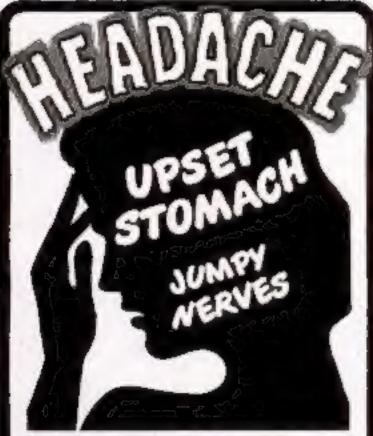
APPLAUSE FOR MISS SNEVELLICCI

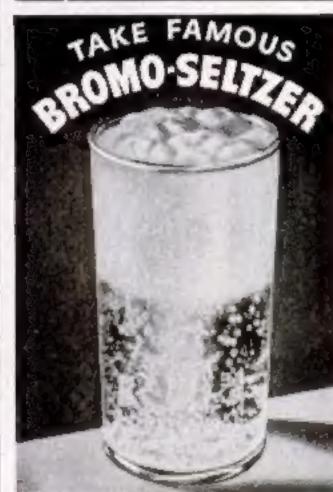
Still seeking a satisfactory job, Nicholas becomes an actor in the repertory company of a bombastic old ham named Vincent Crummles. The star of the troupe is Miss Snevellicci, an actress who can milk infinite applause from the rural audiences. Drawing and photograph show the prolonged ovation, accompanied by flower wreaths, which follows her big scene.





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LIFE'S COVER

The angelic little caroler on the cover introduces LIVE's album of Christmas carols (pages 43-58), painted especially for this Christmas issue by seven American artists. The cover girl was painted by Gladys Rockmore Davis, who had in mind as her model the daughter of a Philadelphia friend. During the Christmas season the paintings from the entire album are being projected in color on a huge 24-foot-wide screen in Grand Central Station in New York while leading New York choral groups, standing on the station balcony, sing the carols.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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WORLD'S BEST RECIPE Egg Nog De Luxe

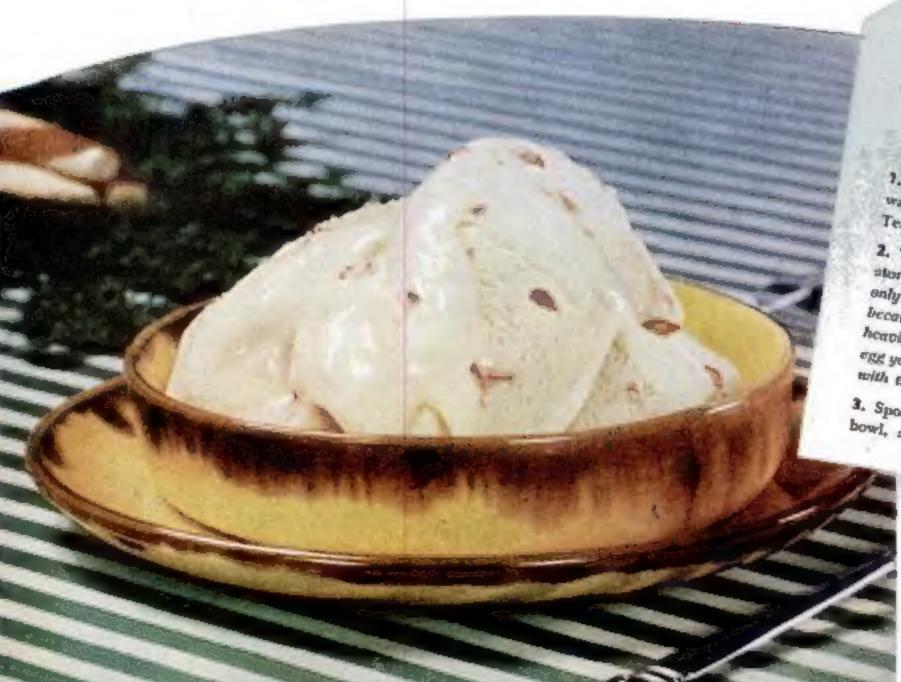
You've never tasted an egg nog so delicious. Because even fine, fresh ingredients fall short of the creamy "ice cream" richness you get when you use TEN-B-LOW-the very same TEN-B-LOW that makes full flavored, homemade ice cream. Try it this way:

- 1. Whip separately, whites and yolks
- 2. Add 1/3 cup of sugar to stiffly whipped egg whites.
- 3. Mix one quart milk, one can of TEN-B-LOW and 2 teaspoons
- 4. Add whipped yolks and fold in egg
- 5. When I pint of whiskey is added. this recipe makes 2-3/4 quarts of
- 4. Serve ice cold, sprinkled with nut-



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Rich, delicious

PEPPERMINT STICK ICE CREAM

1 can Ten-R-Low

7. Into a mixing bowl, pour 114 cups water, and add controls of a can of Ten-B-Low. Mir thoroughly.

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3. Spoon frozen Ten-B-Law into a bowl, add crushed peppermint stick

ly cop cruded Peppermint Stick Condy

candy, and whip to a consistency a little softer than creamy masked potutoes.

4. Return to freezing tray and freeze. That's all there is to it-nothing to add but peppermint stick condy and the uster we've removed. Ten-B-Low is NOT a powder, NOT a so-called "outs", but genuine ice cream in heavy concerntrated form, Get several cans of TEN. B-LOW today!

A CAN MAKES A QUART PER-S-LOW CO., COLUMNIE TE, CANO

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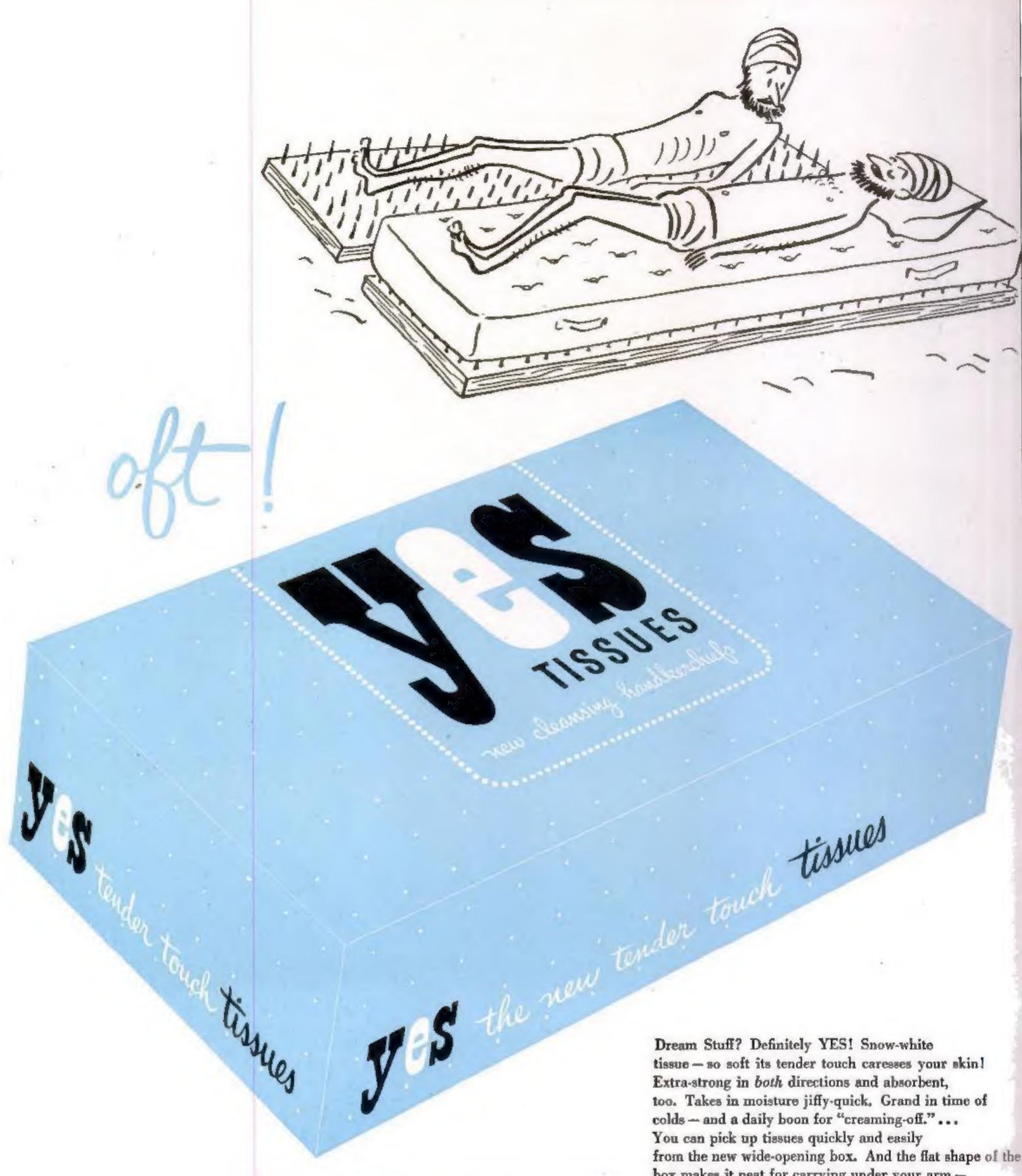
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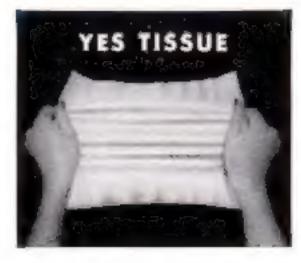
It costs us more that way but we know that is the way you'd like to have it.

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box makes it neat for carrying under your arm storing in a drawer. Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., Chicago and San Francisco.

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Stretch it and see! Tissue "X," like many tissues, tests strong in one direction only. Soft YES Tissue proves strong BOTH ways. Stronger, absorbent YES can take it!



"Here they come, Mom! And Jim won't need the wish bone-they've got their PLYMOUTH!"



Merry Christmas, Miss Miller...

Dear Miss Miller:

You work hard.

It is no easy task to turn 27,000,000 boys and girls into healthy, intelligent citizens. Yet in your quiet, effective way that is what you and the million other teachers of America's children are helping to do. And you are doing it in spite of generally inadequate pay scales, overcrowded classrooms, and widespread indifference to your problems.

We cannot forget that our company has a very real stake in the results of your guidance and leadership. Quite suddenly these boys and girls of yours will become the workers, the farmers, the stockholders and the customers upon whom we depend for existence. Helping you to plant the seeds of good citizenship seems to us to be sound business. That's why, for example, we are working with elementary school teachers in a joint Nutrition Education program . . . why we are cooperating to the fullest with those organizations seeking to improve your working and living conditions.

And so, Miss Miller, we want you to know that our "Merry Christmas" to you this season carries with it sincere thanks and appreciation for the vitally important job you are doing.

Yours sincerely,

The Men and Women of General Mills





LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ANTI-SEMITISM

Surs:

Since you have taken the momentous step of publishing an editorial on anti-Semitism (Life, Dec. 1), I would like to make a point which you seem to have missed, unconsciously or intentionally. Isn't racial intermarriage the only practical answer to racial projudice?

One of the basic tenets of Hitlerian and Nazism was racial integrity. This doctrine has caused most of the world's wars and other troubles.

FRANK E. REEVES

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Sire:

The present fight against intolerance is a necessary step in establishing a prosperous peace throughout the world. But it has been handicapped so far because the approach has been made almost solely from the negative side. Telling people not to hate one another because of race, creed or color is not enough. We must go further and clearly define the proper attitude with which to replace this blind prejudice.

The preservation and progress of self is every individual's prime concern. But man is a herd animal. He has pushed his way up from the primeval slime by organizing into working groups. He guarded his own welfare by guarding the welfare of the tribe. However, we now seem to have reached a point where his individual liberty and economic security are being restricted by the complex communal organizations he has established. Right here intolerance rears its ugly head. Intolerance is the misguided attempt to identify with some particular person or group of persons these restraints which the individual feels. This or that minority is accused of being at the root of the trouble. One nation accuses another nation. The communist says the capitalist has taken away the liberty of the common man, and the capitalist says the communist is promoting a system which robs the individual of his right of self-preservation and self-progress.

If we are to solve this problem one fact must be clearly established. Man's fight is not against man. The problem stands on one side and all men, regardless of race, nationality, creed, color or economic status, stand on the other side facing it. We face a world-wide economic order which was originally set up to preserve the welfare of the tribe but which has become so complex that it is a veritable Frank-enstein monster threatening the wel-

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF LIFE'S NON-SUBSCRIBING READERS

To see life To see the world To eyewitness great events

I want to see Life each week



(Mail to LIFE, 548 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago II, M. Or give it to your newtilester) fare and progress of the individual

But the power of intelligence which enables man to create also enables him to change and improve what he has created. In the application of that power lies the hope of the world.

ALPRED F. HAAS

New York, N.Y.

SITE:

You say, "America is not yet the kind of nation that needs or wants a homogeneous people, accent, culture or religion," Some people would dis-

St. John Ervine, the Irish dramatist, was one. In a letter to William Lyon Phelps in 1936, he wrote: "Has anybody ... pointed out that the great American authors, Emerson, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Edgar Allan Poe and the rest, all belong to the period of your history when your people could be called homogeneous? Lincoln belonged to that homogeneous age. There hasn't been greatness in American literature since its people became heterogeneous, and there won't be until they become homogeneous again. Cleverness, yes, any amount of it-glimpses even of genius-as in Sinclair Lewis, Susan Glaspell, Willa Cather, but genius itself, no."

Corinth, N.Y.

LIFE'S COVER

Sirs.

Who could deny that expression, "What a hundsome hunk o' man," referring, of course, to Gregory Peck on Life's cover (Dec. 1)! Gollee-e!

If you wish, you may quote the above statement, but please do not use my name, as I work for a conservative religious organization.

NAME WITHHELD

FRANCES WINNE

Puteburgh, Pa.

PINZA

Sirs.

Regarding the article by Winthrop Sargeant about Exic Pinna (Life, Dec. 1), we wish to register a protest as to the cynical tone of this article which subtly attempts to portray Pinza as a duil and not-too-bright person who merely happens to possess a beautiful voice. Great stress is placed on Mr. Pinza's love for food and women. Greater minds then either Pinza's or the learned Mr. Sargeant's have been taken up with fair damsels. Beethoven, Boccaccio and Balzac, to name only three outstanding examples. . . .

MR. & MRS. HERBERT LEOPOLD New York, N.Y.

S.rs:

In your story about Exic Pinza you say that when the triumphal chariot collapsed off stage just prior to the third act of The Golden Cockerel, seriously injuring the soprano, Pinza helped her to an ambulance and sang his role with another. Actually the soprano, Rosa Bok, went on and sang her role magnificently, in spite of the fact that the accident had given her a serious brain concussion. She took six curtain calls. . . . Then, after the performance, she spent eight weeks in the hospital.

RICHARD R. ROFFMAN New York, N.Y.

CHURCH UNION

Sirs:

Congratulations on the excellent report of the formation of the Church of South India (Life, Dec. 1). It is





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beards become



Friend, why just wet your whiskers when you can flood them? Benez turns your bristles into 20% water. And keeps 'em soaked and spineleas...a setup for your razor.

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Just smooth this magic stuff on your wet face. Before you can say "Benex!" it's dissolving that tough, ody, razor-battling hide around your bristles. Your whiskers start taking on more water than Davy Jones' locker. And wonderful, waterbearing Bener keeps 'em soaked.

They all but fall off your face!

'S true! Benex gets those whiskers so soggy they're groggy! Your blade just mows 'em down . . . and presents you with the smoothest, freshest face you've worn since fifth grade. That's Benex, Bub. Better get it.

THE BRUSHLESS WONDER



Product of Bristol Myers

TO THE EDITORS *LETTERS*

most gratifying to find such a progres-BIVE Spirit extant in a region we too often think of as ignorant and backward.

One interesting thought your article brings to mind in this: if the Protestants of south India are sufficiently enlightened to unite their groups on common ground - why then cannot the rest of the world unite in a world government?

We hear too often that the world is not ready for such a government. The formation of the Church of South India is indicative of the contrary, A world government can come only when we are willing to take the necessary steps. The people are ready,

PHILIP N SREPREROSON

Peoria, [1]

ROYAL WEDDING

Sirs:

In your picture showing the royal wedding procession (Life, Dec. 1) passing through Trafalgar Square, there's a man and a horse sitting on a little building above the crowd I don't want to be too inquisitive but how in the heck did they get there?

BARETTE PICKERING

Shaker Heights, Ohio

 They were placed there 272 years ago. They are King Charles I and his horse, cast in bronze.—ED.

Sits:

Your picture shows that Prince Michael of Nent was right when he walked on the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey while all others in wedding procession stepped around it. If, after the bride had returned to the middle of the male, he had maintained his course to the right of the tomb and had forced his cousin. still farther to the right, the veil would have been pulled askew, possibly disarranging the headdress. It might even have been torn. The child has an instinct for stresses and strains, and I'm sure he went his way with the blessing of the Unknown Warrior.

DORIS WEBSTER

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please tell me why there were no pictures anywhere of Princess Mary -Countess of Harewood, sister of King George.

PEARL M FISCH

New York, N Y.

 Princess Mary, the Princess Royal, caught a bad cold three days before the wedding, was unable to attend.-ED.

Sirs:

You say, "Indeed almost all of Europe's vanishing royalty crowded into the abbey " ... thus creating a photograph of European aristorrary such as never may be seen again "

May we, as members of Europe's rising generation, express our doubts

as to your predictions.

The millions of Britons who crowded London's streets-according to your article-were not merely speciators of a "vanishing royalty" but, on the contrary, loyal supporters of what has come to be the symbol of a European tradition. You may be critical as to traditions—especially when royalty is so closely linked with it-and you may be led to accept a postwar dismissal of certain kings as an important phenomenon. But neither your critical attitude nor your eager acceptance

will change the respect and loyalty which binds many European nations to their royal houses.

Should a photograph of the kind published in your recent issue "never be seen again"-then, sir, it shall be due to a lack of photographers not of royalty!

Kingdom of the Netherlands CLIVE JUSTICE British Commonwealth of Nations SIGUARD KIHLGREN Kingdom of Sweden EGIL MATHIESEN Kingdom of Norway WILLIAM G. ROLL Kingdom of Denmark DIMITRI BOUHOUTSOS Kingdom of Greece

JAN R. KLINKERT

MICHAEL HAMMER (Temporary) Republic of Austria International House University of California Berkeley, Calif.

PICASSO AND "MONA LISA'S MUSTACHE"

Sirs.

On page 124 of my book, Mona Lua's Mustache, I discussed one of Picasso's periods in what I thought was an original manner. It has just been brought to my attention that your story on Picasso (Life, Oct. 13) included a short passage using almost identical language.

Like all authors, I am flattered to find myself used as something of an authority. However, you failed to credit the source. I call this to your attention particularly because my book, Mona Lisa's Mustache, was not placed on public sale until after your story appeared, although my publisher tells me that LIFE received its usual courtesy advance copy quite some time prior to the date of Life's Picaso STORY.

T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIRBINGS New York, N.Y.

 LIFE hastens to assure Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbings, internationally known furniture designer and author (Good-bye, Mr. Chippendale; Mona Lisa's Mustache), that it is not Life's policy to omit credit where credit is due. We regret sincerely the inadvertent omission of appropriate reference to the much discussed Mona Lisa's Mustache and its author in our Picasso story.-ED.

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Thrill to the Taste

... of the big, new, 10^c Mars Bar—truly one of the greatest of candy triumphs! Just taste these extra thick heaps of fine, pure milk chocolate... packed with crunchy-fresh, crisp, toasted almonds

... all over a soft, nougat center that is creamy-smooth and rich.

The next time you are hungry for fine candy, just try





Understand Rivalry and you understand America

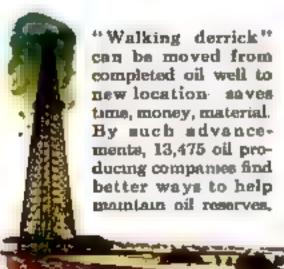
What scene is more typically American than the endless checker duel fought across the cracker barrel? And what is more typically American than the love of competition it represents!

Yes, Americans relish rivalry. In hobbies, in sports, in business, it's the competition that makes trying worthwhile ... results worth striving for...success mean something. That's the way Americans are...the way we like to be...the way we'll always be.

You see that every day in the oil industry where more than 34,000 individual firms of all sizes-1,250,000 people-work to outdo their rivals, compete in petroleum production, refining, research, transportation, retail sales. And you see the results of this rivalry in the better gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil ... the steppedup production now exceeding even peak war years...and in the lowest petroleum prices in the world. And, in addition, a hundred different fields benefit from this competition. Chemistry, medicine, farming, manufacturing, all reflect petroleum's progress.

The result—better health, a chance to go more places more easily, more comfort...more...constantly more, for you.

PROGRESS





Oil base sprays protect important crops from destruction by insect pests. For the farm, for industry, for your car, more than 400 oil refining companies vie in developing new and improved oil products and uses.

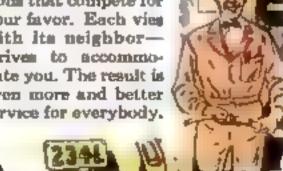


Pipelines now can carry as many as 14 petroleum products at a time without mixing. Hundreds of companies engage in transporting crude oil and refinery products by pipeline, by tanker, by barge, truck or rail.



20 000 distributors and jobbers strive to give you super-service. Example: to eliminate human mistakes, new fuel oil trucks "meter" oil upon delivery just like the gas, electricity and water in your home.

Typical of the oil industry are the 225,000 American service stations that compete for your favor. Each vies with its neighborstrives to accommodate you. The result is even more and better service for everybody.



LIFE

Vol. 23, Nr. 25 December 22, 1947

SMALL TOWN NEWS

Indiana community has a lively week

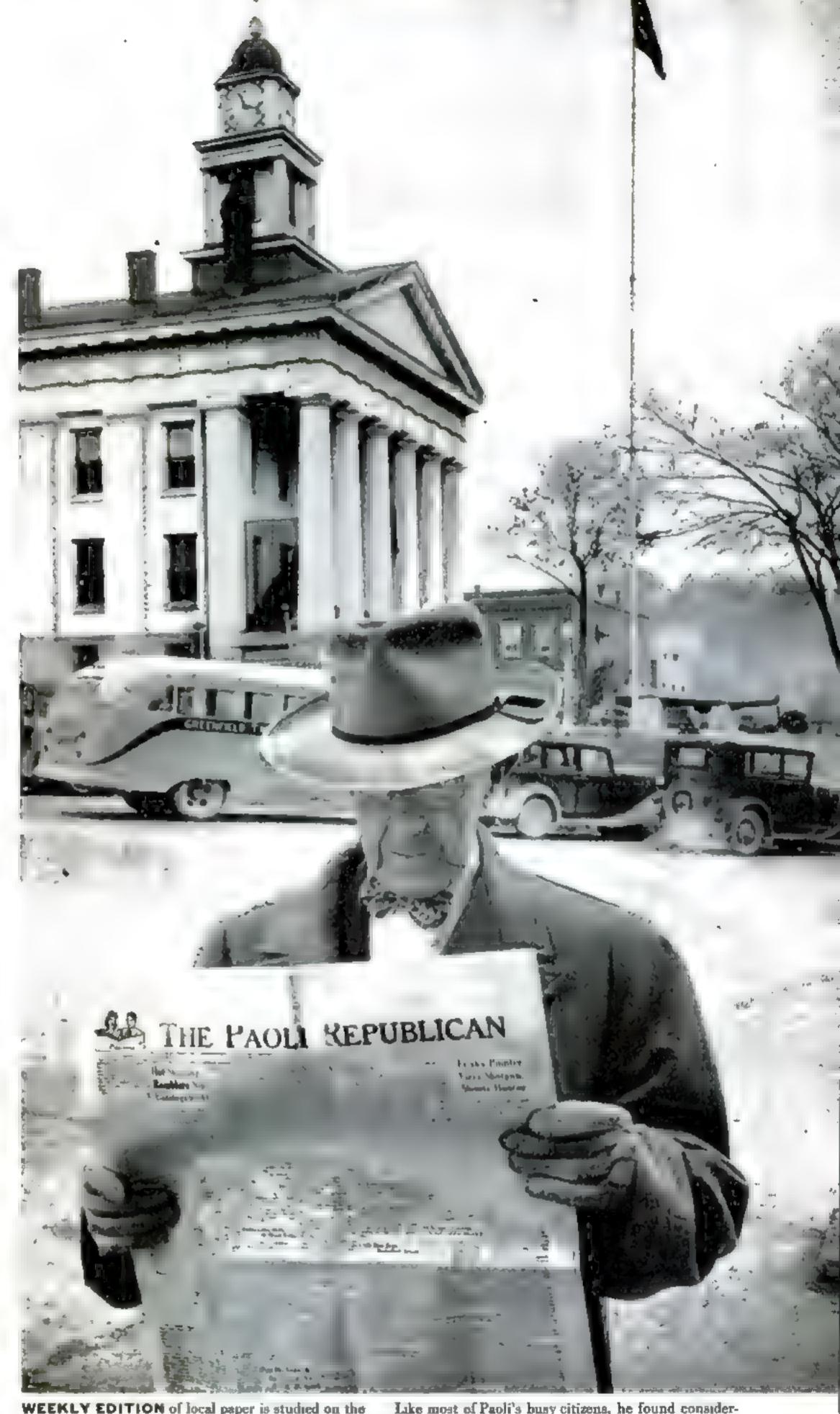
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY PETER STACKPOLE

The 2,218 citizens of Paoli, down among the woods and creeks of southern Indiana, seldom get their names in the big-city newspapers. Like most small U.S. towns, Paoli is uniformly quiet, sober and law-abiding. Its citizens leave their front doors unlocked, and on Saturdays, when they doublepark on the courthouse square, they leave the keys in their automobiles so that the man at the curb can get out. When Paoli does have a crime, the whole town is shocked, and usually a stranger is to blame (p. 21). Yet there is plenty of newsof the everyday sort that men really live by-in a town like Paoli. Every Thursday when the Paoli Republican comes out, almost all the townspeople, like the man at right, hurry to read it through from front page to last.

A pictorial account of the news the man is reading can be found on the following eight pages. For a full week, as the autumn turned to winter, a Life photographer followed the editor and reporter of the Republican as they made their rounds of Paoli seeking "items." His camera found scarcely anything that would have been worth more than a line in a city paper. But it did record a rich story of dayby-day events as they are lived not only in Paoli but also by the residents of thousands of other small American communities—by people who do not aspire to be very rich but seldom are very poor either, people who work hard and independently all week, fill up the small-town churches on Sundays

and enjoy the simple and wholesome pleasures

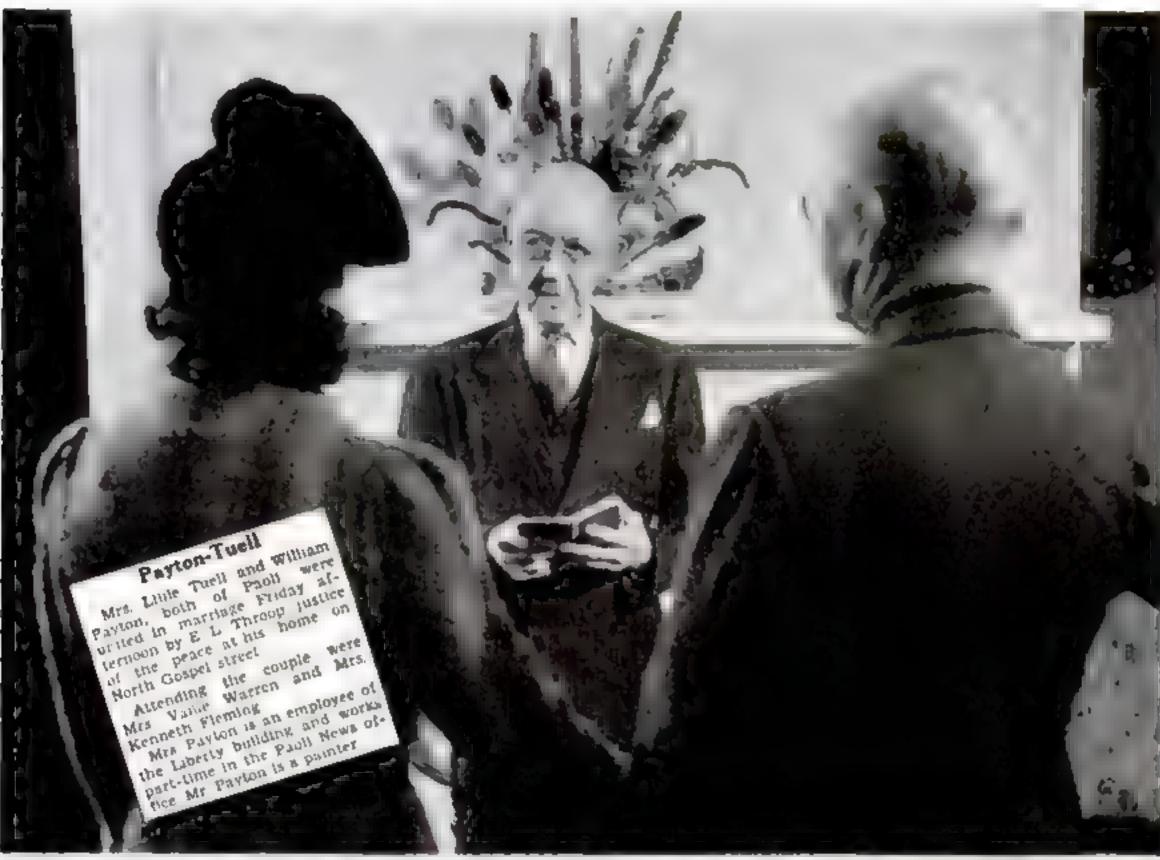
of the church social and the high-school supper.



WEEKLY EDITION of local paper is studied on the courthouse square by Justice of the Peace E. L. Throop.

Like most of Paoli's busy citizens, he found considerable news of his own doings that week (pp. 16 and 20).

Vital Statistics



A WEDDING is performed by Justice of the Peace Throop, who is affectionately known as "Troopy" among Pauli residents. It sifee, as usual, was \$2, and his cereb one which was free of all

fripperies, took just 40 seconds. The marriage was the sual for Paoli in that the groom was 62 and the bride 51. Due partly to the small town's lower living cost , most residents rates voling.



en to 17 Paoli youngsters whose parents, in Sun lay best, brong there procedly but



MARRIAGE CELEBRATION serenades young couple who had performed the almost impossible feat of keeping their wedding a secret for a year. Until recently Paoli was given to shivarees at which newlyweds were serenaded much more noisily and violently.



BIRTH of a new citizen—the only one of the week—takes place in the hospital established by an enterprising Paoli physician. After two days the mother returned to her farm home 4 miles south of Paoli to keep an eye on three other children, aged 8, 5 and 2.



gravely to a special service of the Massionary Baptests. This church will a broading deduces which critics of the small town like Sinelan laws might had surprising.

does not be never in haptizing its chaldren until they activily by request it around the time they are 10 or other. But at distinguishing services like this one parents of the latest

by the precepts of Caristianity. Their expressions clear by show that they are determined to keep the print se

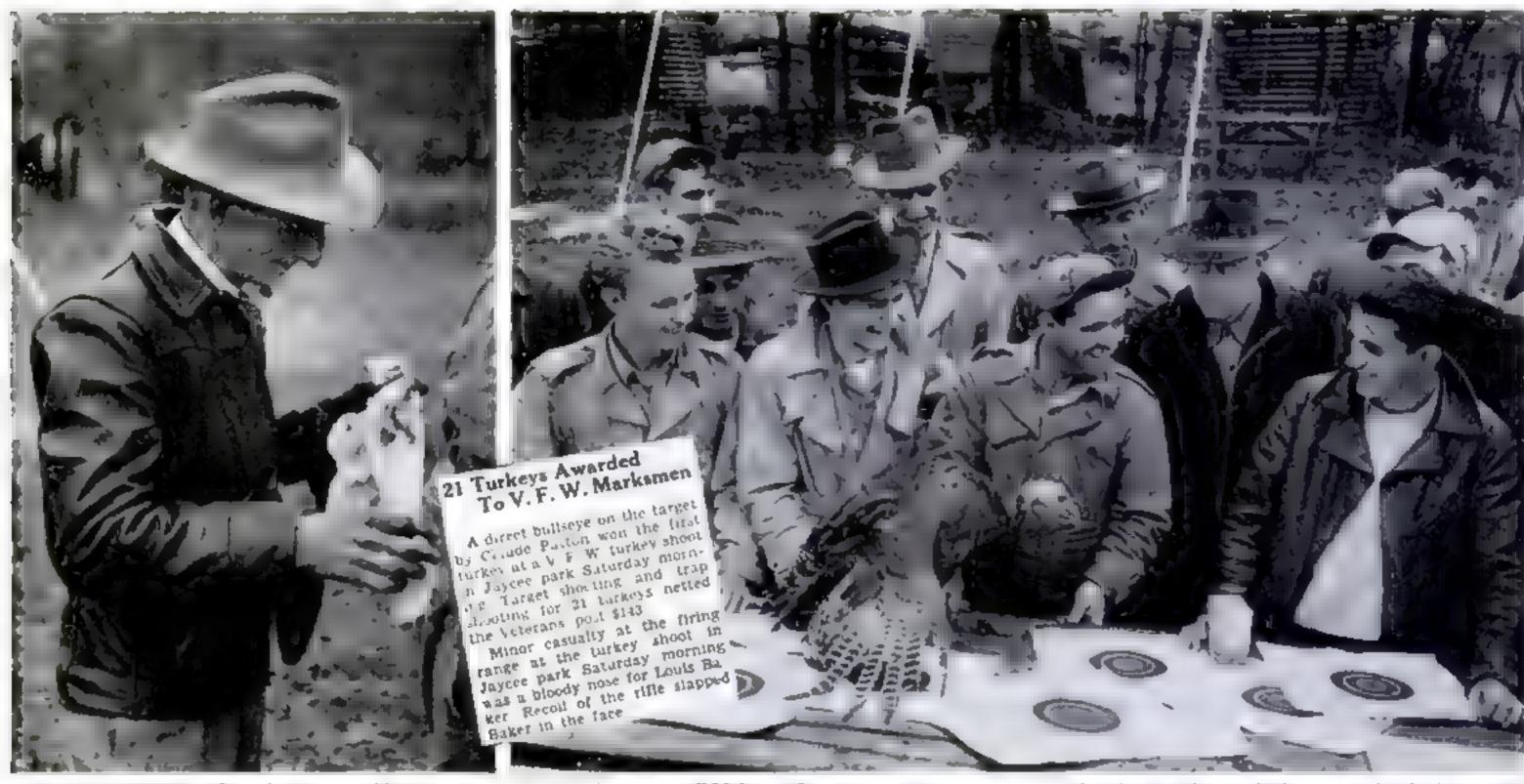


DIVORCE is granted in the circuit court to this lonely plaintiff who testified that her busiand bad run away with another woman. Although divorce is becoming much more countrou in small towns, the Paoli paper has a policy of printing no news of such cases.

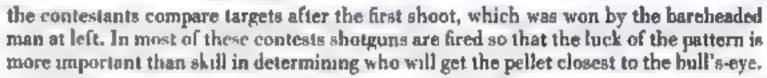


FUNERAL is held for an elderly lured hand who had wound up as a charity case. In a town like Paoli no man dies unmourned 50 neighbors attended services at which he was described as a congenial honest torier, with little thought to be a leader of men."

Social Notes



TURKEY SHOOT on Saturday, a venerable wintertime institution in most small Midwestern towns, produces a minor casualty and a smiling winner. At left Louis Baker disconsolately mops his bloody nose after the actolent described in the news clip. At right





BRIDGE PARTY, with a fancy table cover as first prize, was Thursday night's biggest aocial function. The husbands of some of the guests took advantage of the occasion to put on a little poker game—at such modest stakes that only one man lost more than \$6.



PICTURE-TAKING for the high-school annual was Thursday's biggest event among Paoh's younger set. Here the Latin Club poses on the school steps, with the students in the front row managing to look only moderately self-conscious in their homemade togas.



AT A PIE SUPPER in the high school the "prettiest girl" and the "biggest wolf" enjoy a tête-à-tête. Anyone who was ever young in a small town will recall such scenes: the girls bring pie or cake in fancy boxes which are auctioned off to the highest builder.

who also gets the privilege of the girl's company for the evening. As each pie goes on the block, the auctioneer arranges to tip off the girl's boyfriend or would be boyfriend—and also tips off a few rivals so that the bidding will be as spirited and profitable as possible.

Law and Order



TRAFFIC CASE is heard by the ubiquitous Troopy, who holds informal court in a borrowed office. With him sits his 5-year-old grandson, getting a wide-eyed view—such as no big-city child would ever be privileged to have—of the workings of the law. The

cab driver, after arguing that his brakes were to blame, finally pleaded guilty. On recommendation of the state trooper, who thought the driver had already suffered enough in injuries and damaged car, penalty was set at minimum fine of \$1 plus \$9 court costs.



VOLUNTEER FIREMEN extinguish a brush fire as the day chief of police (who is also the only policeman on duty daytimes) looks on approvingly. Paoli's fire fighters, who stand ready to leave their offices or workshops at the first blast of the town siren,

have a truck with pump and 1,450 feet of hose. But older citizens can remember when the fire department huffed and puffed into action pulling hand-drawn reels of hose—and some of the oldest can remember the days when Paoli had only a bucket brigade.



A STRANGER IN TROUBLE sits alone and glum in the circuit courtroom, expecting the worst. As a result of his theft and the ensuing accident he has already spent some time in the hospital and some in the town jail, and his home in Nebraska looks far away

at the moment. But Paoli is given to tempering its justice with mercy. The circuit judge sentenced him to one to ten years in prison, as the law requires—then immediately suspended the sentence and sent the youth home for further treatment of his injured arm.

Hot-Shooting Ramblers Nip Bulldogs 51-41 Paoli Lifts Season Record To Two-And-Two -Bullpups Win. by a 51 41 marg.n gym was jammed by 2200 howl ing fact for the traditional rivover a county team this season and brought their record to two wins and two lover was the Bodd as straight defeat by county teams

BASKETBALL VICTORY by the high school team provides week's biggest thrill. At top: the Pack chiering section goes wild as the game nears finish. Bottom:

Paoh's Dunn (28) shoots one of the decisive baskets. Like the rest of Indiana, Paoh is Taskett all crazy: attendance was only 18 sky of the town's population.

The Front Page

When it comes to making up the front page of his Paoli Republican, Editor John Riley sometimes is hard pressed. Most of the time the town's life moves on like a placid river, looking the same this week as it did the last. There



PAOLI'S EDITOR RILEY

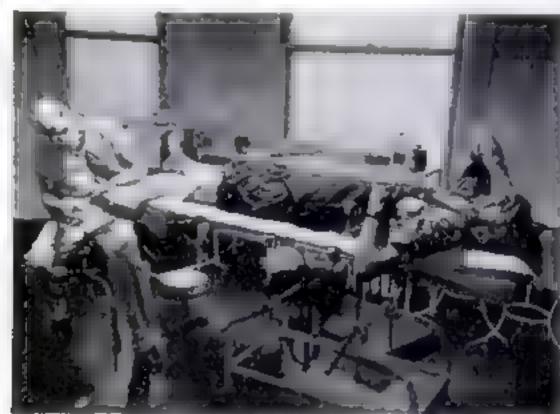
are almost always a birth a wedding and a funeral: but only the names and never the forms of the stories change. A high-school class graduates and another takes its place. The bridge club meets at somebody else's house and the school holes a prom instead of a pie supper. The men who lost in the last turkey shoot have better luck this time and Justice "Troopy" fines a Saturday-night roisterer instead of a careless driver. The sev-

en churches hold their services, the civic clubs meet an I the town fathers decide to pave a new street

On this particular week Editor Riley had less trouble than usual. The baskethall team beat its greatest rival (left) and an amazing accident (below and opposite page) gave habter Riley a new twist on the man-bites dog story. Still, as he looked over the type in his front-page form, Riley we not sure whether to thank his lucky stars as a journalist of to wor, ler, as a good stand townsman, if events weren't getting a little out of hand

been, and he finds the usual dearth of front-page news to be somehow comforting. Like most of his neighbors, he has known his years of strugger. After he finished making a down payment on his newspaper in 1941, he found that he and his wife had a dime and a mickel between them. Both of them still work, and he often doubles as both editor and linetypist, but in a few years the Republican will be all paid for—and in the meantime he is his own boss. So are the man who runs Paoli's one-man cleaning company, the owners of its little stores and the more ambitious men who own the furniture and clarinet factories. Paoli people feel so independent, in feed, that they once turned down federal funds for a swimming pool

Elitor Riley, though be has to stoke his own coal stove in the office, has become a good journalist; his paper is neat and lively and once won a prize for Indiana's best feature story. And as a journalist Riley combines his enthusiasm for the smal, town with a judicious view of its shortcomin is. In his ed torial on the subject of Life's visit to Paoli he wrote. "We hope for a bull used on a terested, factual report on a week in an average American town, a town that s not perfect, maybe, but which has a lot of pretty good points when it comes to living in it



FREAK ACCIDENT sends hunter to the hospital (above) and gives Editor Rilev his larger tistory of the week. Opposite pages the guilty of light and the Republican's news item.



CREATOR AND CREATED

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD; AND THE FIRMAMENT SHOWETH HIS HANDIWORK-PS. 19

The same world which this week celebrates the birth of Jesus Christ is suffering from an inadequate sense of that event's importance. According to a recent diagnosis by the Catholic Bishops of America, the right name for our troubles is "secularism," which is defined not as the denial of God, but as "the practical exclusion of God from human thinking and living." The typical secularist may regard religion either as interesting if true or as true but not important. In any case God becomes a remote or merely historical figure lacking contact with the "real"

problems of our day.

The worse these problems, the more obvious is the blight of secularism. For example in Europe now, the question (as Henry Beston put it recently in Human Events) "is not so much the ruined bridge, nor the lack of transportation and tractors, but rather an illness of the spirit which can only be expressed in the cruel phrase 'the death of the heart.'" The pathos of it is that many of these hearts have died while struggling against their own secularism, half-professing God, seeking in vain to recapture the sense of His importance. Is it God then who is dead, as Nietzche declared? Is He too old, too tribal, too primitive to hear the subjunctive prayers of the sophisticated sufferer? Does He perhaps need updating?

This very question implies that God may be the noblest work of man, instead of the other way around. And that, a caveman's question, may yet be modern man's best approach to the problem of rediscovering his Maker. It is the basic question between man and God; who made whom? Until we are sure of the answer, we will go on suffering from this secular blight.

The Earth Is Full of Thy Riches

Beautiful is Europe, beautiful the Americas; the whole world is far more beautiful to our sight than the dry little corner of it where Christ was born and where lived Abraham, Moses and the Psalmist. Yet everything the Psalmist saw in that little corner and all he could imagine beyond were to him evidences of God's handiwork and reasons to glorify their creator. "Oh Lord, how manifold are Thy works! The earth is full of Thy riches." And the greatest handiwork was man himself: "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou

has put all things under his feet."

Now, 3,000 years after the Psalmist and about a million years since the evolution of the human species, man has indeed subdued (but not unified) the earth, split its atom, peered into the infinity around it and is even thinking about the conquest of a neighboring planet. From this increasing knowledge of increasing wonders he has deduced theories about his planet's origin which are to him more credible than Genesis as descriptions or metaphors for the original event. One of these theories, generally held by modern astronomers, is the hypothesis of solar disruption. A wandering star, two billion years ago, sideswiped the sun, raising on it a great tidal bulge which jetted forth a stream of itself, a gaseous filament; and the scattered parts of this filament took their places in the sun's orbit, cooled, solidified. "These small fragments," says Jeans, "have been circulating round their parent Sun ever since. They are the Planets, great and small, of which our Earth is one."

In one of the most eloquent passages of his Study of History, Arnold Toynbee shows the remarkable similarity between this hypothesis and the many myths by which poets have explained great events. The hypothesis of solar disruption is the myth of the Sun Goddess and her ravisher; Danae and the Shower of Gold; Semele and Zeus's thunderbolt. Toynbee goes on to develop the common theme of all great world myths, including the Scandinavian (Odin vs. Loki) and even the Crucifixion.

It is the story of a creative act. The story always starts in a "state of Yin," or passive perfection (the Garden of Eden, prosperous Job, the Sun shining perfectly on nothing). A crime, an intrusion, a challenge (Balder shot, the wandering star) is the dynamic act which changes Yin to Yang, a period of aggressive activity in which the fate of the world itself may be at issue. Through this challenge and struggle, which he both accepts and supervises, "God himself is thereby given the opportunity to recreate the world." His means of creation is a human protagonist whose role is to suffer. This suffering hero, at first rebellious, wins the struggle on God's behalf only "when he resigns himself consciously to be the instrument of God's will" (Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt). Thus is creation renewed, and Yang becomes Yin on a new and higher plane of perfection.

Many times has this plot of plots been re-enacted in fact and in human imagination. Toynbee finds it the key metaphor for the theory of challenge-and-response by which he explains all human history. Is it "scientific"? It is certainly not in conflict with science, for it includes science in its sweep. There is of course no conflict between the scientific method of knowing the universe and the belief that God created and controls it. Nor is there any conflict between the repeated variants of Toynbee's world myth and the uniqueness of its greatest version, the Christian version which transcends and transfigures the others. One thing we may be sure of: this plot will happen again. Perhaps we have already seen, at Hiroshima, the dynamic intrusion that challenges God to a new act of creation.

Be Prepared

Whatever challenge is prepared for our civilization, whatever destiny for the human race, secularism is the worst possible frame of mind for it if we hope to acquit ourselves as heroes. So before we talk about updating God, let us try to update our own human imagination, which has fallen so far short of the Psalmist's standard. As in his time the visible handiworks of God (with the new telescope at Palomar they are expected to fill one billion light-years of space) are marvelous and incredible. As in his time most men avoid dizziness by concentrating on bounded chores, counting their flocks, classifying the stars. But the poets and prophets of each age are called upon to enlarge these mental bounds and to keep enlarging them faster than the flocks can multiply, or the knowledge of space can expand.

In our own age and country we have had such poets. If we are ill-equipped to serve God's purpose in the next creative challenge, it may be because we have not listened to Walt Whitman. His abiding theme was not only American democracy but the grandeur and unity of all creation and the divinity of the human soul.

Lo, soul, seest thou not God's purpose from the first?

The earth to be spann'd, connected by network,

The races, neighbors, to marry and to be given in marriage,

The oceans to be cross'd, the distant brought near.

The lands to be welded together.

A worship new I sing,

You captains, voyagers, explorers, yours, You engineers, you architects, machinists, yours,

You, not for trade or transportation only, But in God's name, and for thy sake O soul.

To Whitman, a world full of "gliding wonders" was evidence enough of a Creator. And the best evidence of all was man's own power to create—children or poems or societies, telescopes or cyclotrons. In this power especially are we made in His image.

Breath of Deity

At the marge of all man's earth-subduing discoveries to date, at the end of space and at the atom's split center, lies infinite wonder and mystery still.

The mystery of mysteries, the crude and hurried ceaseless flame, spontaneous, bearing on itself.

The bubble and the huge, round concrete orb!

The breath of Deity, as thence the bulging universe unfolding!

The many issuing cycles from the precedent minute!

The eras of the soul incepting in an hour. Haply the widest, farthest evolutions of the world and man.

This, Walt Whitman's glimpse of Creation, is not at odds with the astronomers; it is just more daring and inclusive. It includes the suggestion that even more lies ahead of man on his journey than lies behind. Any man who will trouble to search history, the world and his own heart must agree that there are indeed wider, farther evolutions ahead.

This being so, we may confidently expect another re-enactment of the miracle of Creation. In this re-enactment, as in all those before, the man or the people who understand their true relationship to God will be the agents of God's mevitable triumph. The great event at Bethlehem which we celebrate this week was the great sign to help us in this understanding. Let us study the sign and be thankful. For at some point, before "the world's great age begins anew," we will be required to resign our will utterly to our Maker's.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

Ever since the end of the war Soviet officials had been used to seeing official France quiver and writhe when the Russian bear growled. Last week Colonel Nikolai Filatov, head of the Soviet repatriation mission, discovered that times had changed. The new, tough Schuman government (Life, Dec. 15) kicked Filatov and 11 of his aides out of the country for helping French Reds in the recent insurrection. Four detectives saw to it that Filatov (opposite) got safely aboard an eastbound express.





WHILE A HOUSEHOLDER PEEKS THROUGH THE VENETIAN BLIND (CENTER), POLICE LINE FIVE HOODLUMS AGAINST WALL. THE MAN AT LEFT HAS JUST BEEN FRISKED

A CAPTURED GANG

Dramatic catch by Chicago police results in a Capone-era picture

In the early morning hours of Dec. 10 the police chased a car through Chicago's West Side, fired some shots at it and finally forced it to the curb. Out piled five ex-convicts who were promptly lined up along a wall, their hands in plain sight and their backs to a riot gun. Police suspected them of four robberies and had been trailing them for six weeks. The hoodlums were supposedly starting out on another job. While the hoods were still lined up

against the wall, an alert Chicago news photographer named Bud Daley arrived. He was covering another story and just happened to pass by. He quickly shone his spotlight on the scene and then took the arrest picture above. His photograph recalled to many Chicagoans the old Capone-era scenes. It also reminded Chicagoans that some of the events in their city last week still had a Capone-era ring. All told, at least five men were killed in gun fights.











ROGUES' GALLERY PICTURES of the five men arrested show (left to right) Ray Auburn, Rudolph Kacic, Nick Lococo, Harry Wagner and Phil Webb. All of them have

served terms for robbery before and two (Lococo and Kacic) were on parole at time of arrest. Webb directed gang's operations and scouted places they planned to rob.

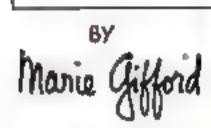


You can tell a holiday breakfast-right from the first fragrant sizzle of

AMERICA'S LUXURY BACON



This-n-that on good eating





Director, Armour Consumer Service

besy Way to Cook Bacen — while you open packages or prepare an especially nice Christmas breakfast—is to bake your bacon. Lay strips on a rack in a shallow pan, fat edges overlapping lean edges. Bake 12 or 15 min. in a 400° F. oven, until orisp but not brittle. There's less watching, no turning and your bacon is delicious!

Holiday Club Sandwiches. For easy entertaining and oh, so easy eating—try these choese club sandwiches on your holly-decked buffet tray. Spread one



slice of bread with butter and mayorname. Add crisp, wood-smoky slices of Armour Star Bacon and lettuce. Cover next slice with Cloverbloom Olde Cheddar Cheese Spread and slivers of tomato. Top with bread slice. Toast 'em or not and out lengthwise in two. To make four quick but fancy hors d'ocuvres out each double sandwirk once again and skewer each with a holiday-colored toothpick.



How to Chaose Superior Bacon: You're picking "the heart of the bacon" when you choose Armour Star Bacon. For only the choicest bacon sides are selected. And these choice sides are cut so you get the best and nothing but the best! What's Nice for a Party? Delicious Roast Leg of Lamb dressed up for dinner guests with pineapple rings and crisp bacon curls. Rub tender, fine-flavored Armour Star Lamb with salt and papper. Place



skin side up in rack of roasting pan. Bake in 325° F. oven, 35 min per pound. The bacon curls are easy—just a quick twist up around a fork when slices are half done. Finish cooking until crispy and lift onto the pineapple slice.

free! New, Delicious Bocon Recipes - a whole bookletful! Write: Marie Gifford, Dept. 175, Box 2053, Chicago 9, Ll.





Hiram Walker's

"Here's to you, Ed" — and the Christmas gift that says it best is one or more of these famed bottles with *Hiram Walker's* on the label.

Conadian Club has made the Hiram Walker name renowned in 87 lands, for this distinguished and definctive whisky is light as scotch, rich as tye, satisfying as bourbon.

Walker's DeLuxe is Hiram Walker's straight hourhon whiskey, 6 years old elegant in taste, incommonly good.

Imperial has behind it something that's good to know... Hiram Walker's 89 years of whiskey-wisdom,

Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin is the first thought for fine gin drinks because Hiram Walker makes it with Imported Botanicals.

• CANADIAN CEUB—Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, III Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years ald 90.4 proof • IMPERIAL—Blended whiskey 86 proof 70% grain neutral spirits • WALKER'S DeLUXE Straight bourbon whiskey 6 years a d 86 proof • HIRAM WALKER'S GIN—Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, III.



(Technical Sergeant Freeman V. Horner, of Shamakin, Pa., was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for estroordinary courage in combat with the 30th Intantry Division in Germany in 1944. Recently, he enlisted in the Regular Army)

Above and beyond the call of duty

THE CITATION READS:

"By his extraordinary courage, Sergeant Horner braved intense enemy fire to destroy three enemy machine guns, killed or captured seven enemy and cleared the path for his company's successful assault on Wurselen."

What made him do it?

Says Sergeant Horner today: "Something happened inside of me. I knew, suddenly, that wiping out those machine guns was the most important job in the world. And, somehow, I knew it was my turn to do it."

Size up a situation quickly. Then act with firm resolve. This priceless ability is typically American. It brought us through tight spots during the War - now it's helping to win the Peace. For not only Sergeant Horner has rejoined the Army, but three-quarters of a million of his veteran comrades as well.

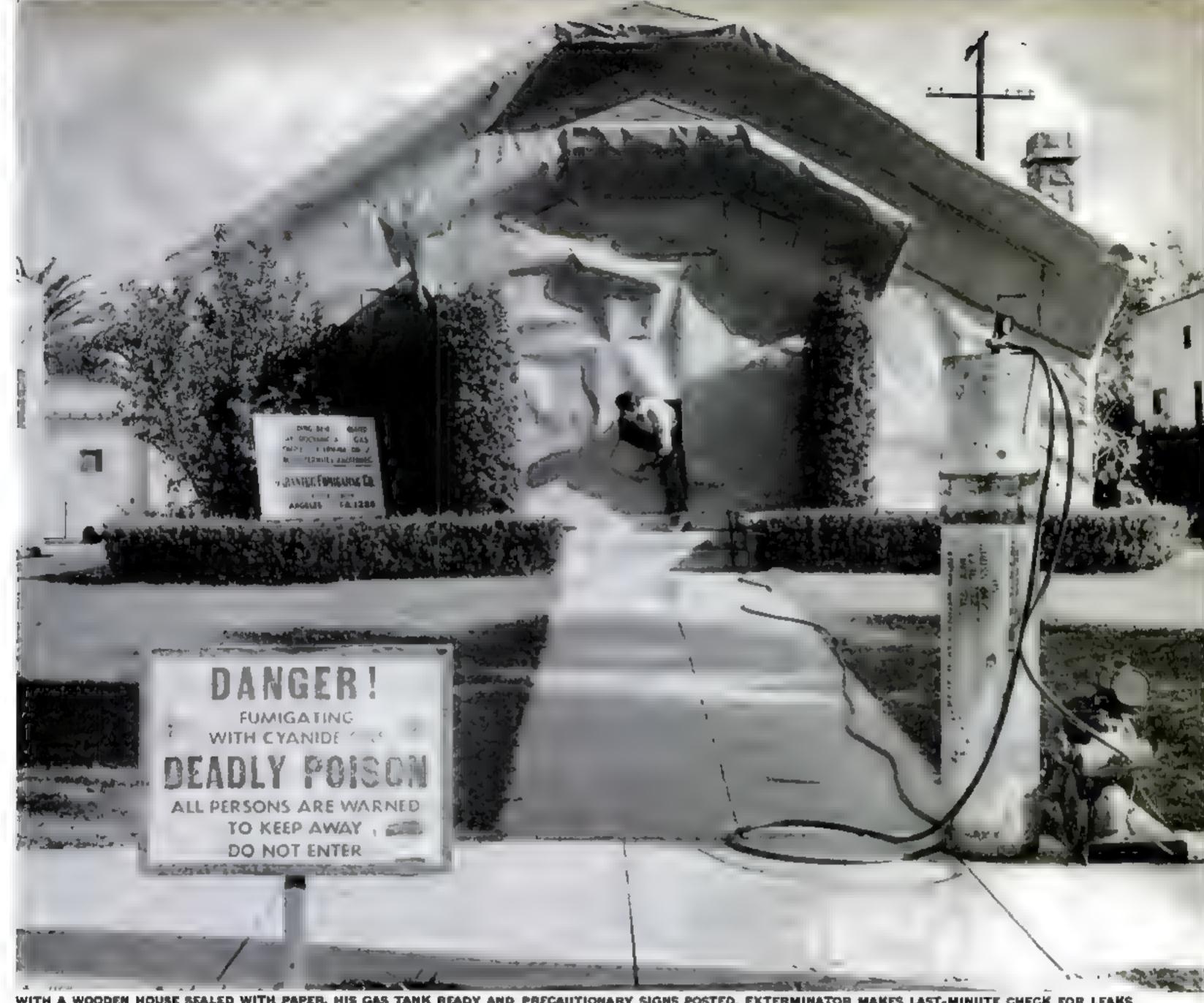
The return of such men to The Colors should warm the hearts of all in the world who treasure peace. For history will record them as the greatest fighting men of all time. But they hate war, and learned warfare only to promote peace. They knew that strength is the only road to victory. And down this grim road they trained and fought with all the skill, ingenuity and determination that was in them.

To foreigners, the American fighting man is a paradox. He's friendly toward the guiltless and gentle to the helpless, but closes with the enemy with all the fury of hell. He knows that the fight for survival is still man against man, brain against brain, brawn against brawn. The Army is seeing to it that his personal courage and versatility will remain ace-high—in the laboratory and on the field of battle.

These fighting qualities have won every war in our 172 years. They are the qualities needed to do the job before us today.

Listen to "Yolce of the Army," "Sound Off" and "Froudly We Hail" on your radio.

U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Service



HOW TO GET RID OF TERMITES

Exterminators accidentally exterminate house, too

During this year the tiny, wood-boring termite has done more than \$50 million worth of damage while eating U.S. families out of house and home. Until this year getting rid of termites was an enormously wasteful process, often involving demolition of whole walls and floors. Last May, however, the Guarantee Furnigating Co. of Los Angeles started using a new termitekilling technique that looked outlandish but was quite simple. Workmen sealed all the exits, taking the further precaution of wrapping the whole house in paper like a bulky Christmas package (above) if it were made of wood. Then hydrocyanic acid gas, the same deadly gas used in some prison execution chambers, was pumped into the building. Forty-eight hours later fresh air was pumped in, every termite was dead and the house was none the worse for the treatment. For seven months the system was successful.

This seemed the perfect answer to two retired schoolteachers who had just bought and redecorated a house in Los Angeles only to find that it had termites. But inexplicably, just as the gas was being pumped in, the house blew up (nght). The sides flew apart, the roof slumped to the ground, three workmen were injured and the schoolteachers and termites were homeless.



BLAST flattened a house being furnigated, ripped the caves off the house next door (right), broke windows for blocks. This house was not wrapped because it was stucco.

A NEW WORLD LAY BEFORE THEIR SWORDS!



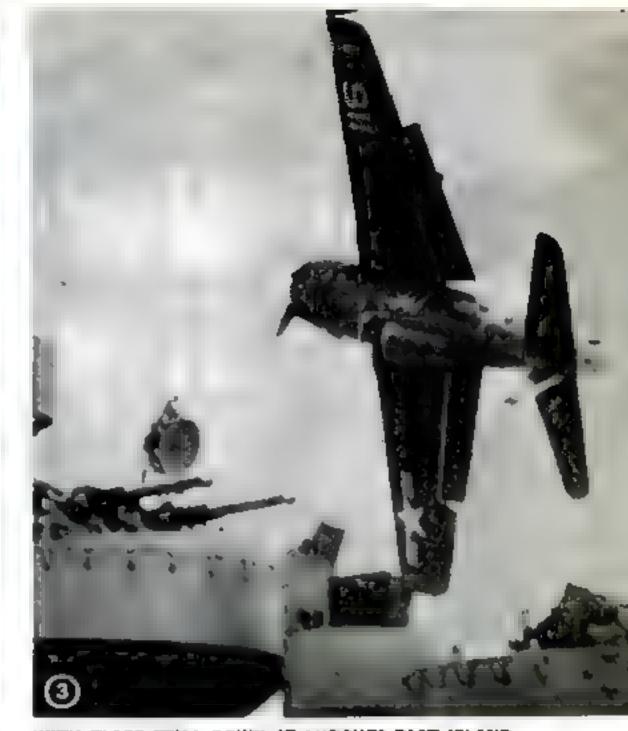
Antonio Moreno - Thomas Gomez - Alan Mowbray - Barbara Lawrence - George Zucco - Roy Roberts - Marc Lawrence

Directed by HENRY KING - Produced by LAMAR TROTT

Screen Play by Lamor Trotti . From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger







UNHAPPY LANDING

Fledgling pilot comes a cropper after dusting off USS "Tarawa"

On Dec. 8 the Navy released this embarrassing sequence on an extremely unhappy landing. During a routine qualification flight a fledgling ensign in an F8F Bearcat fighter made a poor approach (above, left) to the landing deck of the USS Tarowa. He was quickly waved off by the carrier's landing signal officer, but as he struggled to regain altitude without sufficient air speed he went into a series of gyrations which sent most of the Tarawa's

topside crew scurrying for shelter (bottom, left). Instead of ducking with the others, however, three official photographers bravely stuck to their jobs and took a sequence of pictures on the careening fighter until it plopped into the water. Then for a happy ending they photographed the escape of the hapless pilot (p. 34), who bobbed unhurt out of the wreckage just in time to be hauled aboard for a frosty reunion with the Tarawa's irate skipper.







LUCKY PILOT, supported by his life jacket, pops up to the surface beside the tail of his sinking plane. He was uninjured in the trails and managed to unfasten

his safety belt and open his escape hatch while the \$63,000 fighter up-ended and be gan to go under It sank within 20 seconds after hitting the water alongside the ship



It has been a Kaiser and Frazer year!

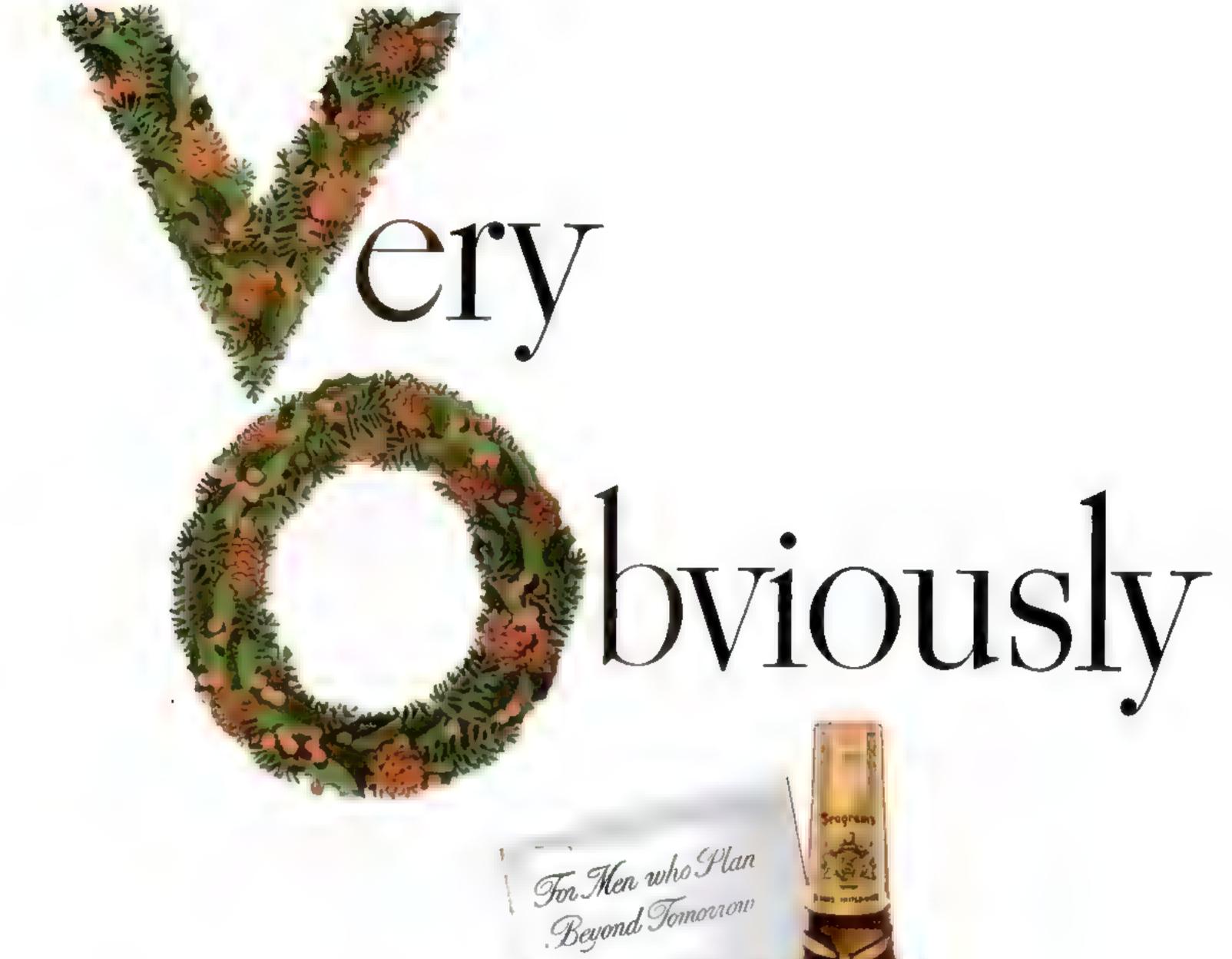
Last January, when production at Willow Run had climbed in six months from two cars a day to 350 cars a day, we predicted that 1947 would be "a Kaiser and Frazer year." The public has made that prediction come true. Well over 125,000 cars have come off the production lines at Willow Run this year! And today Kaiser-Frazer is the fourth largest manufacturer of automobiles in the world! It certainly has been a Kaiser and Frazer year!

More Than 125,000 Owners—You see Kaisers and Frazers wherever you go. Willow Run's vast production is being taken by new owners as fast as the cars can be completed. By the time this advertisement appears, more than 125,000 Kaisers and Frazers will have been delivered. And production is still being increased as rapidly as highest quality standards will permit.

Millions of Miles of Motoring—kaises and Frazer owners have driven these cars hundreds of millions of miles—in every part of the world. They write an average of a thousand letters a week—to tell how delighted they are with the performance, economy, toominess, and above all, the ride! Those owners who have taken long tours, have high praise for kaiser-Frazer service.

Service II herever You Go—The Kaiser-Frazer dealer organization is one of the four largest in the world. And the Willow Run school for dealers' mechanics and service managers is one of the finest in the industry. So wherever you go, you will find a Kaiser-Frazer dealer ready and eager to serve you—with modern equipment, genuine factory parts, and highly trained service men who know these cars thoroughly, inside and out.

Early Delivery, Regular Price—Take a ride in a Kaiser or a Frazer. Drice one a few miles! Then you will know the reason why these 100% postwar automobiles are such a phenomenal success. Their new beauty, advanced engineering, extraordinary case of handling, and superbriding qualities, will make you want one. And you can get one—at the regular price, with or without a trade-in, and with full value for your old car—from your nearby Kaiser-Frazer dealer.



the Luxury Holiday Gift...

CANADIAN WHISKY-A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES



This Whisky is Six Years Old -- 86.8 Proof

Seagram - Distillers Corp., New York



HER PIGTAILS FLYING, 15-YEAR-OLD ANDREA MEAD JAMS HER SKI POLES INTO THE DEEP POWDER SNOW AND SKILLFULLY PERFORMS A DIFFICULT JUMP TURN

SKIING PRODIGY

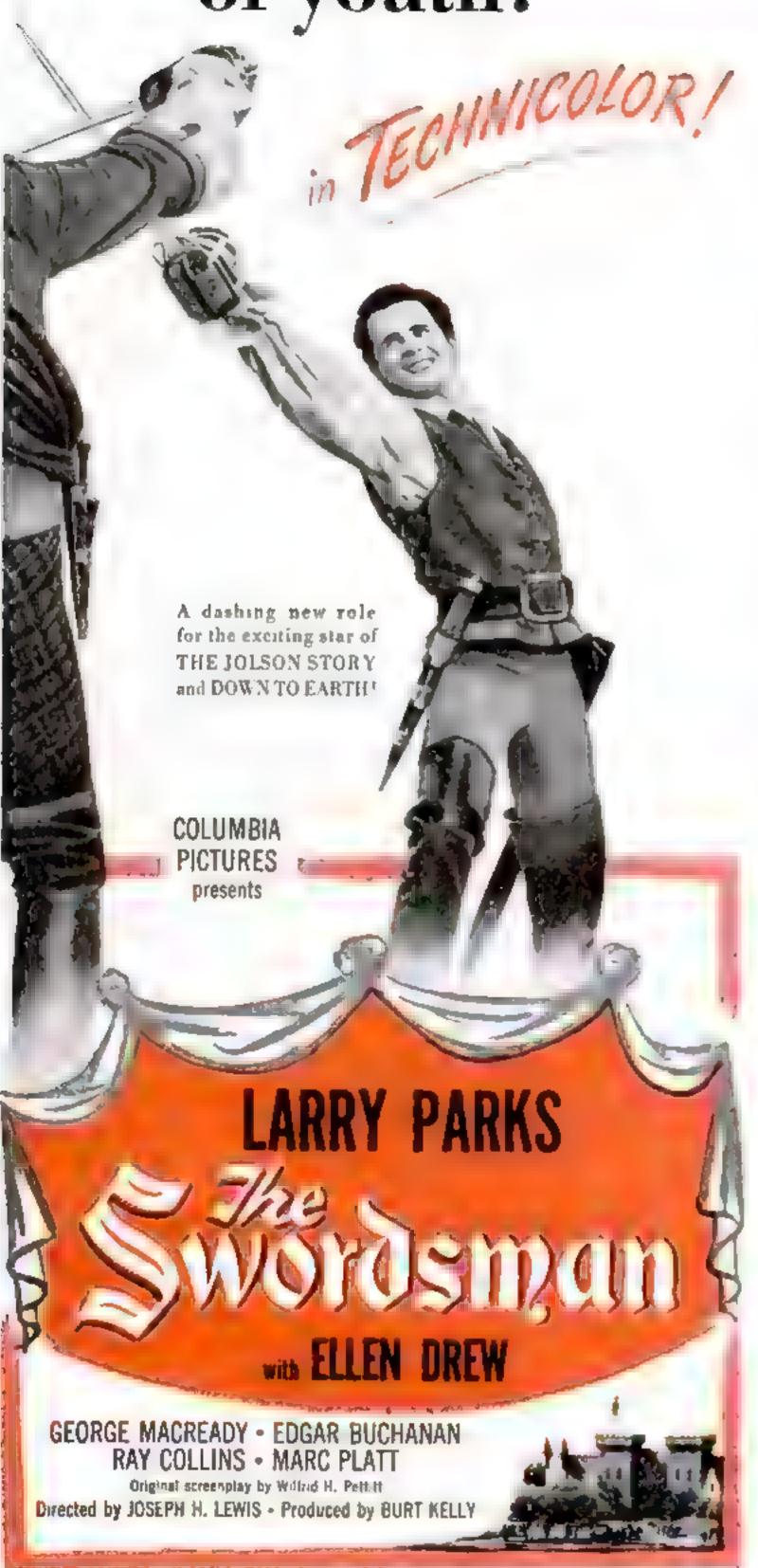
Andrea Mead, 15, is youngest girl to make a U.S. Olympic ski team Last week eight women skiers sailed aboard the America to represent the U.S. in the winter Olympics. All of them were young, but one was a prodigy: 15-year-old Andrea ("Andy") Mead of Pico Peak, Vt., voungest girl to make a U.S. Olympic ski team. At St. Moritz, Switzerland in February Miss Mead will be the No. 1 U.S. woman skier in the slalom competition, a serpentine race between markers. She will also represent the U.S. in downhill speed skiing, which entails making speciac-

ular turns and reaching speeds of about 60 mph.

Miss Mead's precocious al-thty is not surprising, since her family happens to own Pico Peak, a famous Vermont mountain resort where U.S. skiers gather. She was brought up on skis and her constant instructor was her mother, who has been sking competitively for several years herself but has never been this good. It is not surprising either that, despite Miss Mead's youthful attractiveness, her only interest in boys is how well they ski.

AUVENTURE

in the full flush of youth!



Skiing prodigy CONTINUED



TRAINING AT PICO for the Olympics. Andrea Mead to plet I ready muscles by putting her 7-foot skie tip to tip with her compared as a resident ling.



FOR EXERCISE Andrea supports herself on hands in the snow while Casty bends one leg back and forth. Andrea is 5 for 18 mehes tall, weights 130 pounds

far forward. He is Is hiery Casty, a Swiss instructor at a Pico ski school, who has been giving Andrea Lelpini advice. But now she is just as good as he is.



OLYMPIC WARDROBE has U.S. insigne, includes new long skirt which she is wearing. Wardrobes are donated to team members by U.S. manufacturers.

forbidden by a family feud!



MAN THINKING



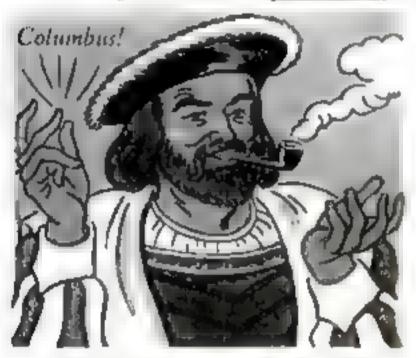
about that distinctive tangy flavor of CHEEZ-IT crackers!



A Quality Product of Sunshine Bescuits, ...

SIX HOURS of pipe-rwaking Heaven-

That's putting it MILDLY!



I discovered a new world! So what? For Philip Morris discovered a new world of smoking coolness in-

Country Doctor

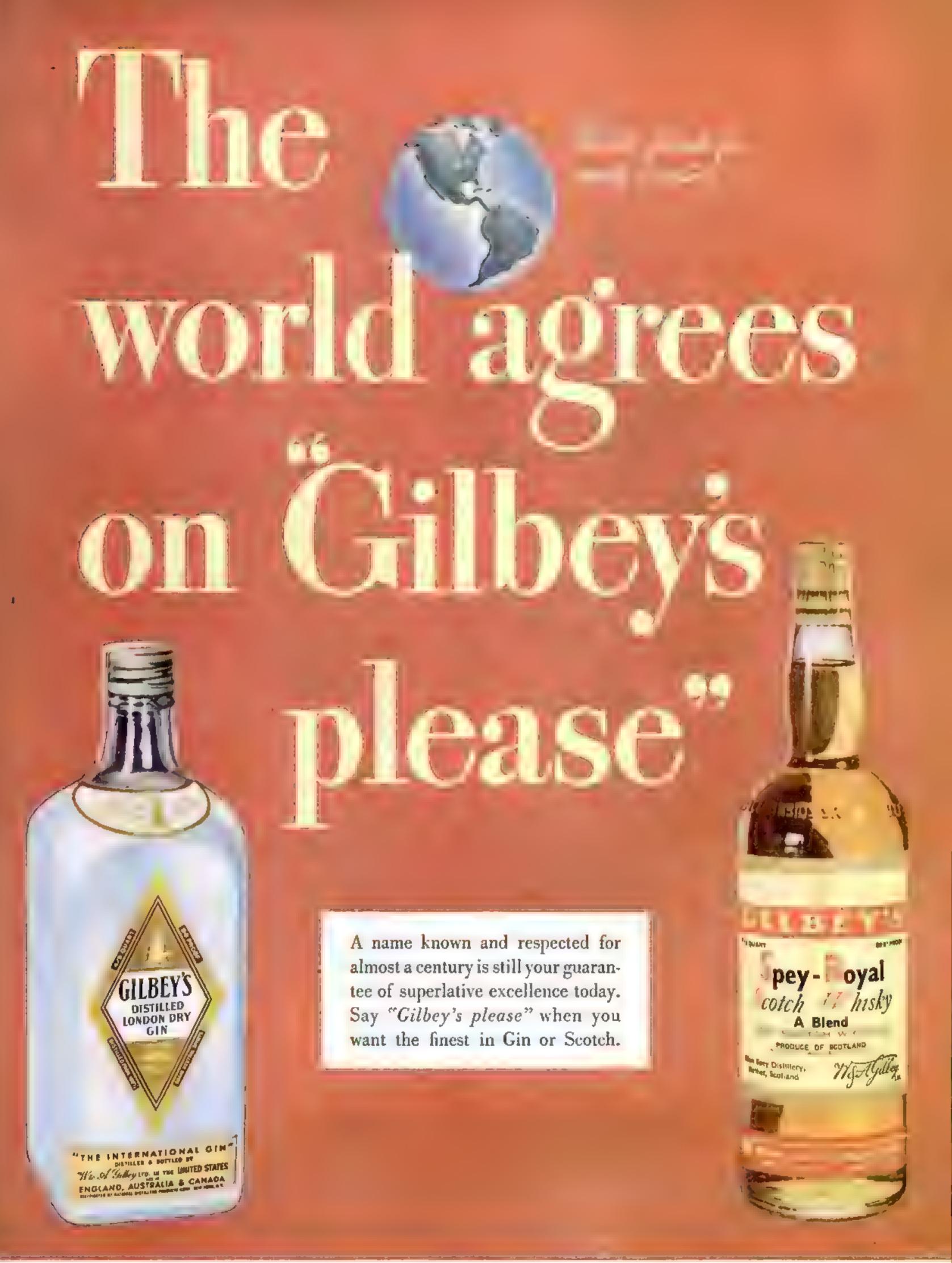
A very hoppy blend of fragrance

If your dealer doesn't have it-write Philip Morris & Co., Bept. & 28, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York



RACING DOWNHILL at 30 mph, Andrea Mead does a trial run at Sun Valley, Idaho. She has raced since she was 10, but her first major victory was in the slalom division of the U.S.

Olympic trials last spring. She has a fine competitive temperament, with a poker-faced confidence far beyond her years. She says of the Olympic games, "I don't expect to come in last."





One ring for purity



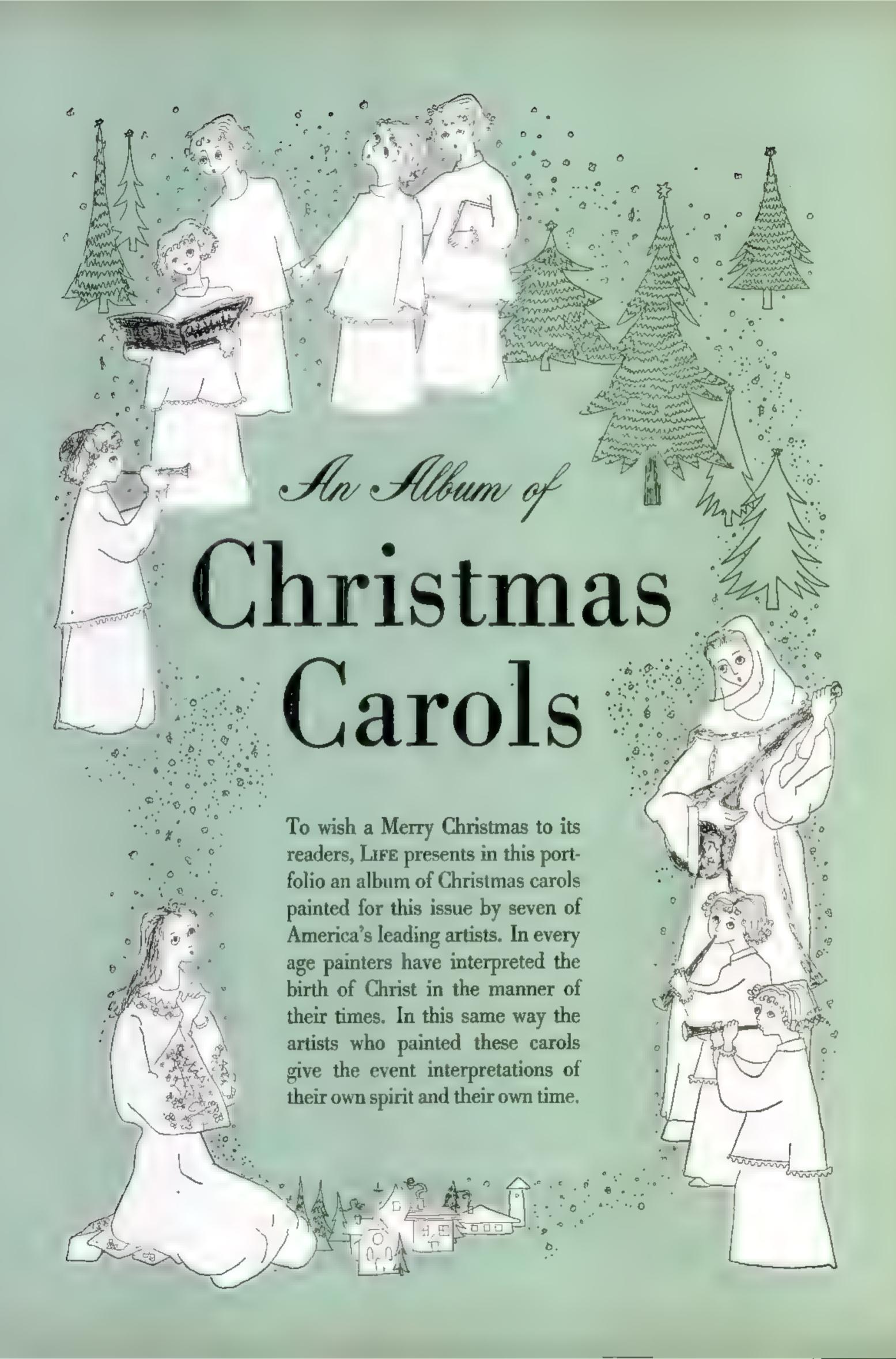
a second for body

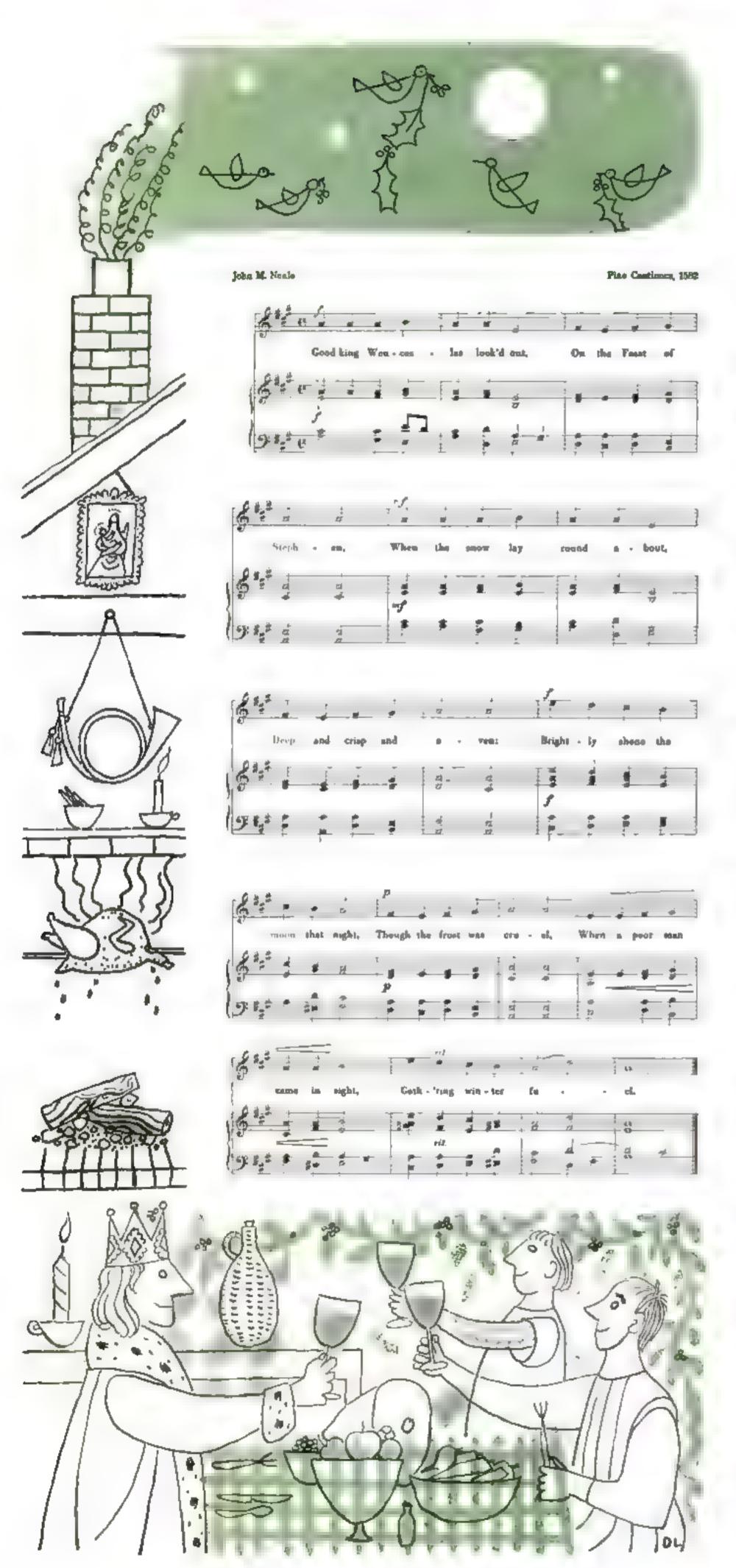


Everybody likes...

BALLANTINE ALE

America's largest selling Ale





Good King Wenceslas

PAINTED BY Doris Lee

Good king Wenceslas look'd out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither,
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude winds' wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.





O Little Town of Bethlehem

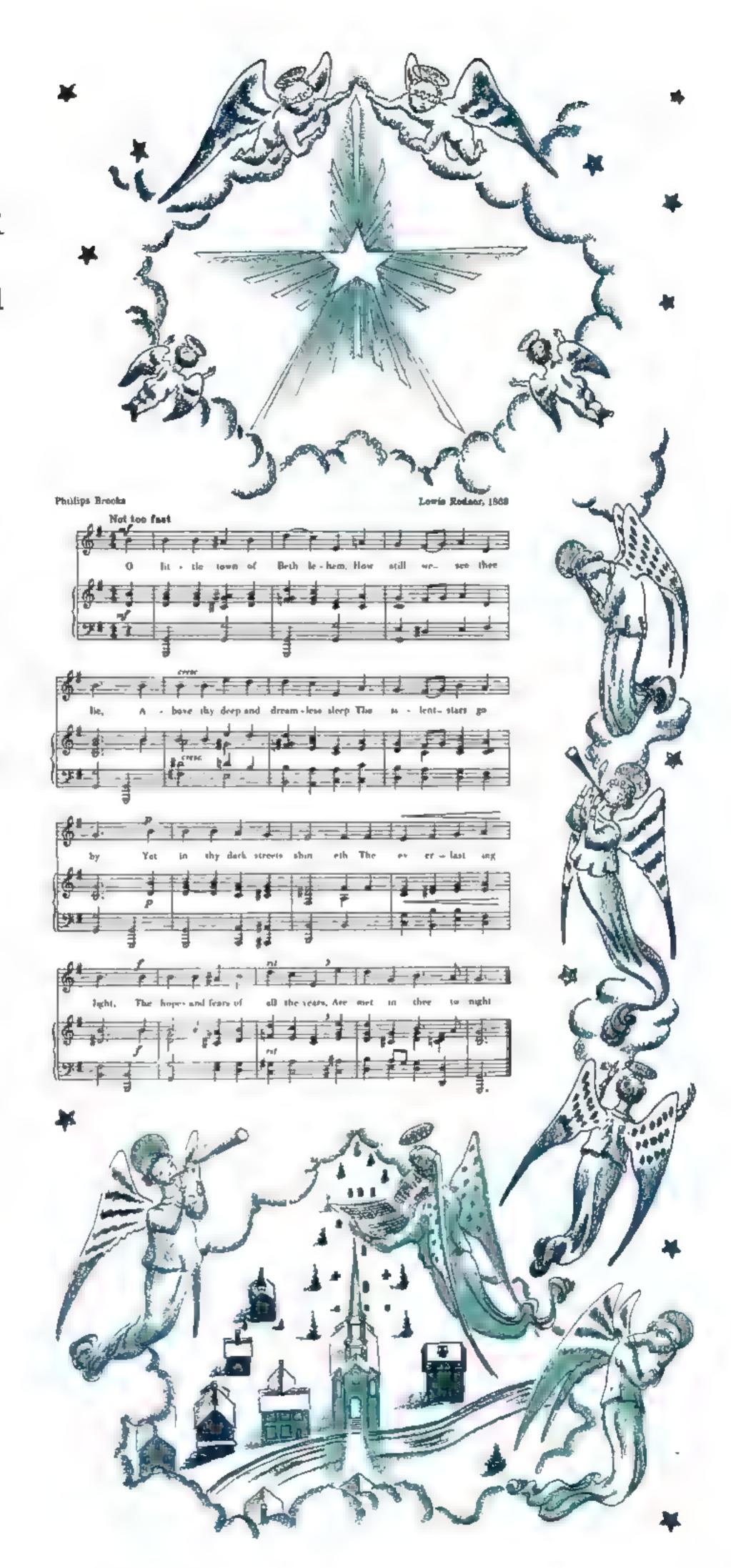
PAINTED BY
Byron Thomas

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently
The wond'rous gift is given:
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him
still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.





The First Nowell

PAINTED BY

Lenard Kester

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in
fields as they lay;

In fields where they lay keeping their sheep

On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

CHORUS.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light
And so it continued both day and
night

And by the light of the same Star, Three Wisemen came from country far;

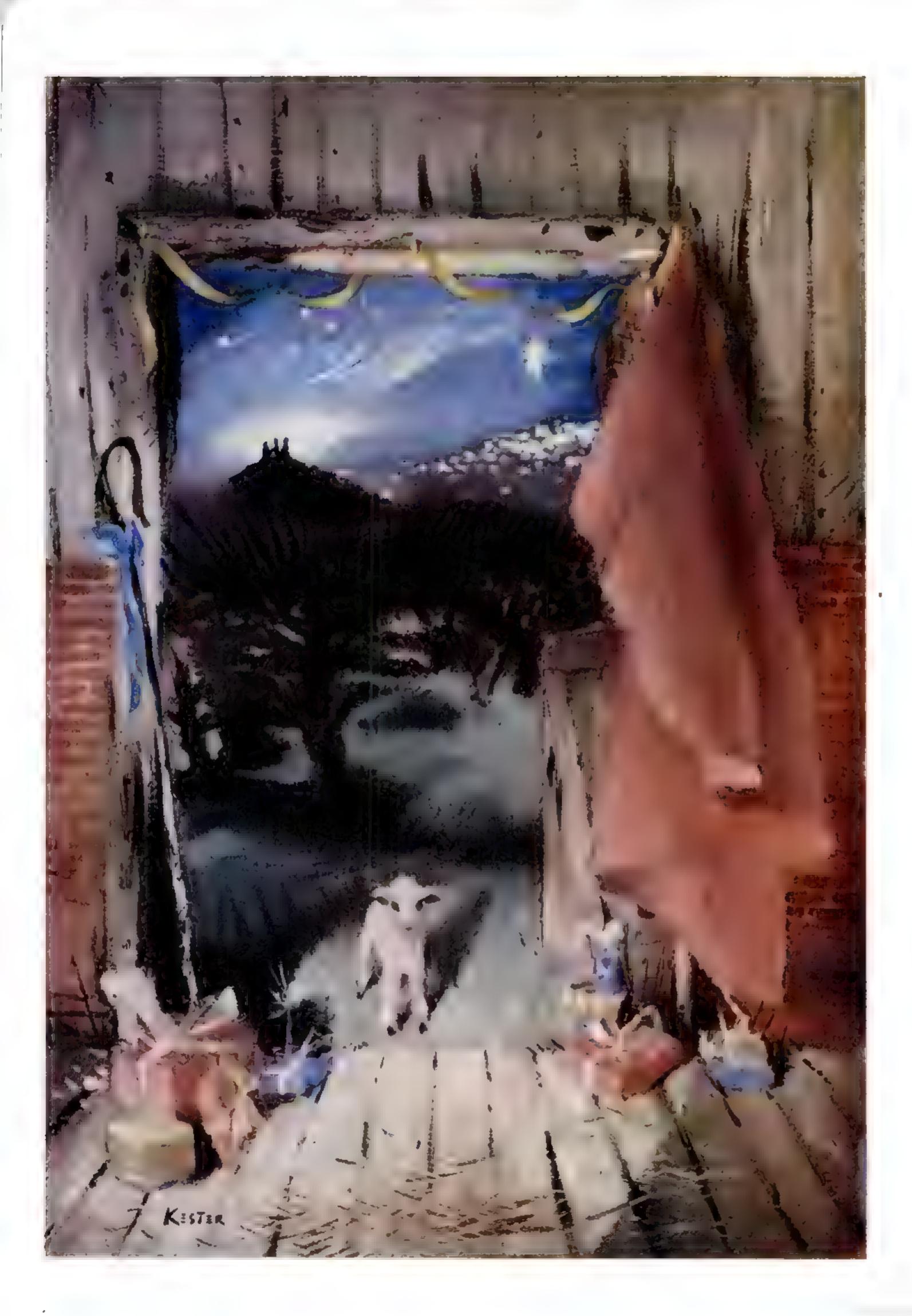
To seek for a King was their intent, And to follow the Star wherever it went.

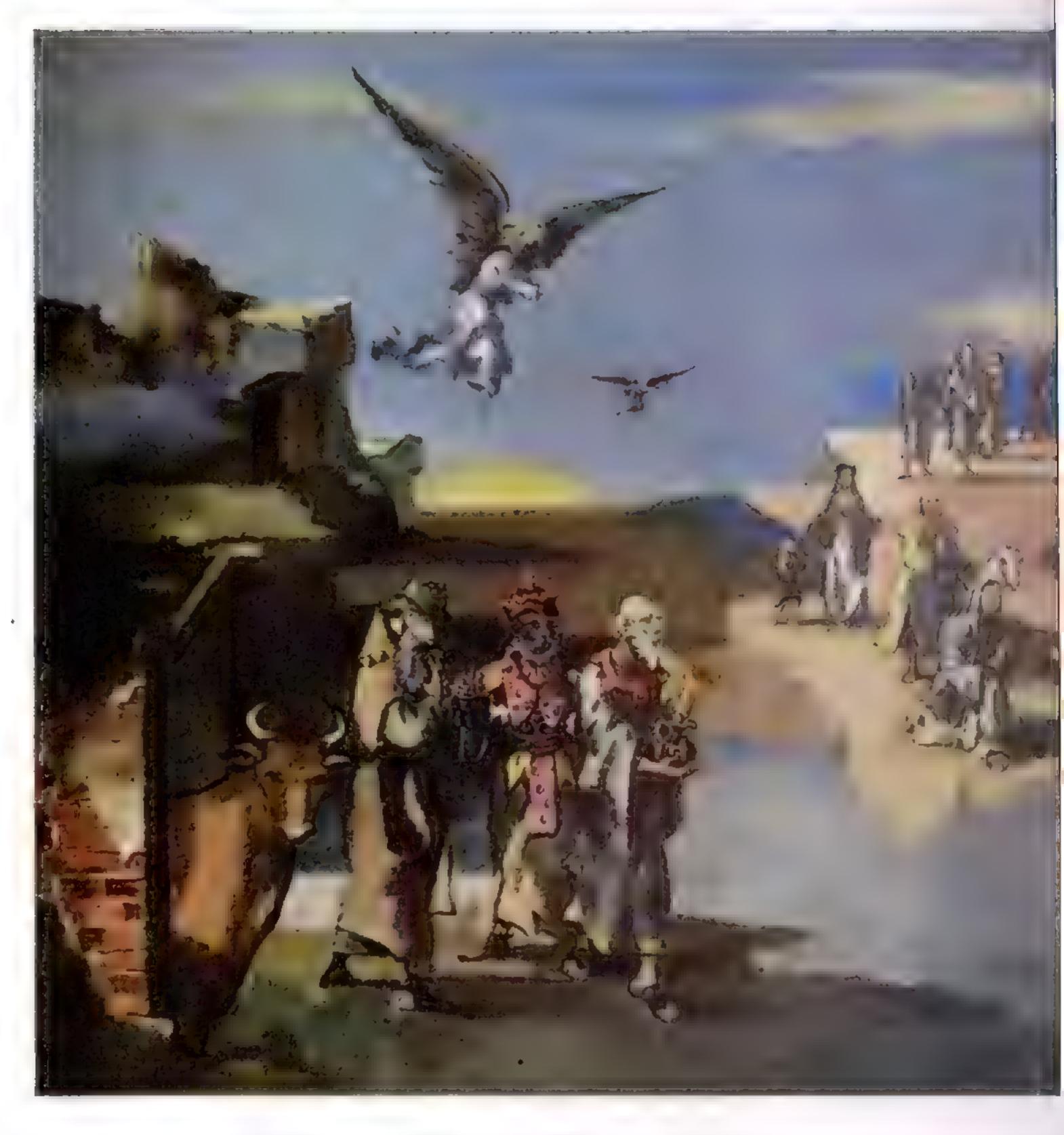
This Star drew nigh to the northwest, O'er Bethlehem it took its rest, And there it did both stop and stay, Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and
frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth
of nought

And with His Blood mankind hath bought.





Silent Night, Holy Night

PAINTED BY Raymond Breinin

Silent night, holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
'Round you Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light.
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Silent night, for yought!

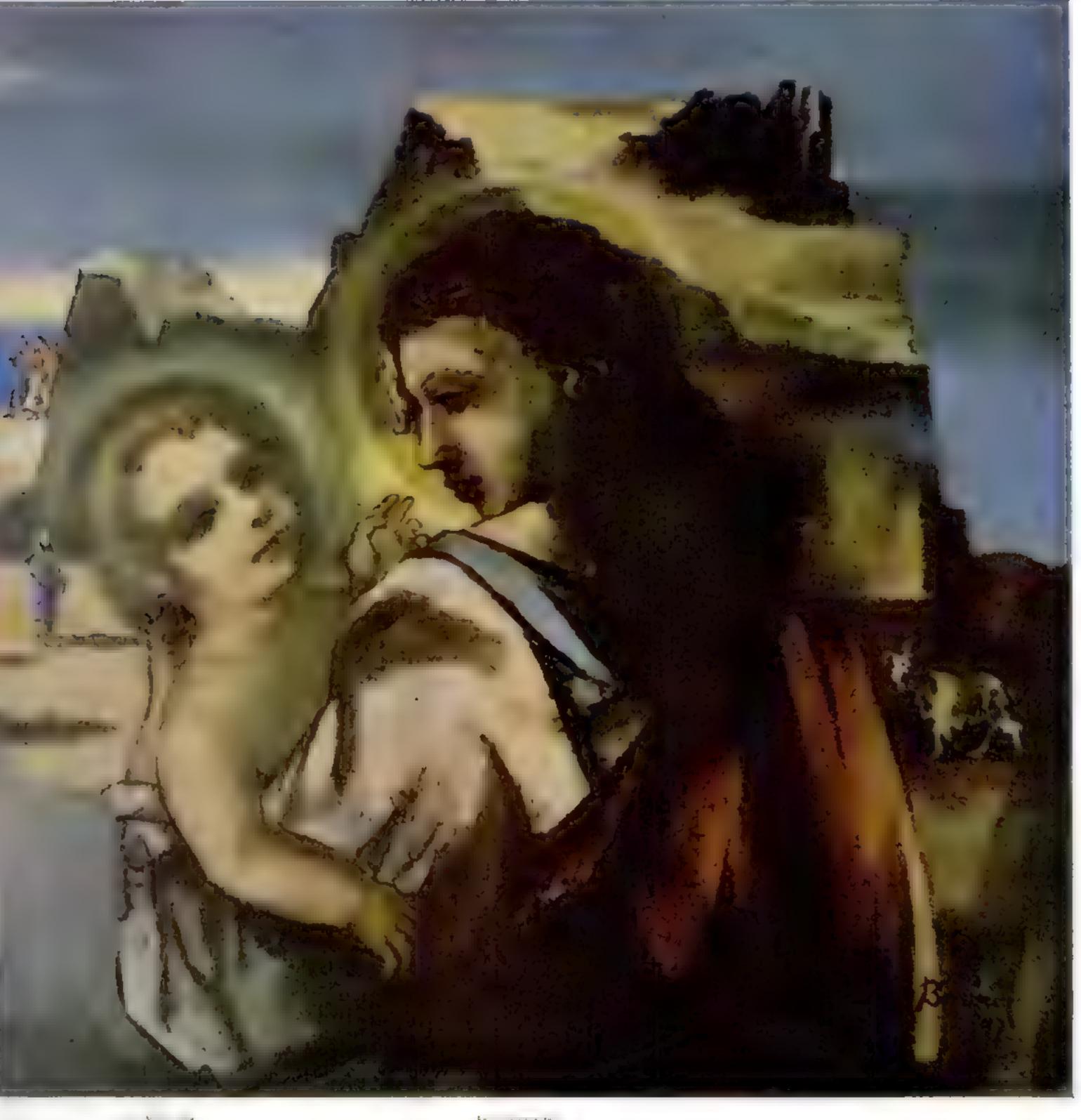
Shepherds quoke at trosport.

Glories strend from caven atar.

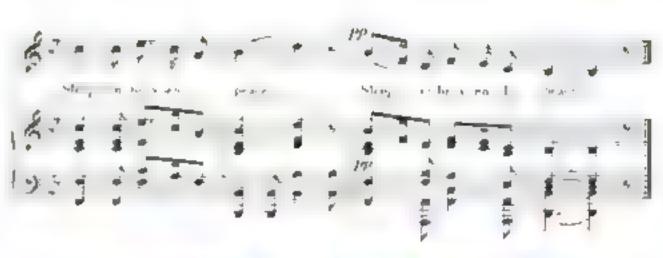
Heavinly hosts sing Abelia a

Christ, the Saviota, is some

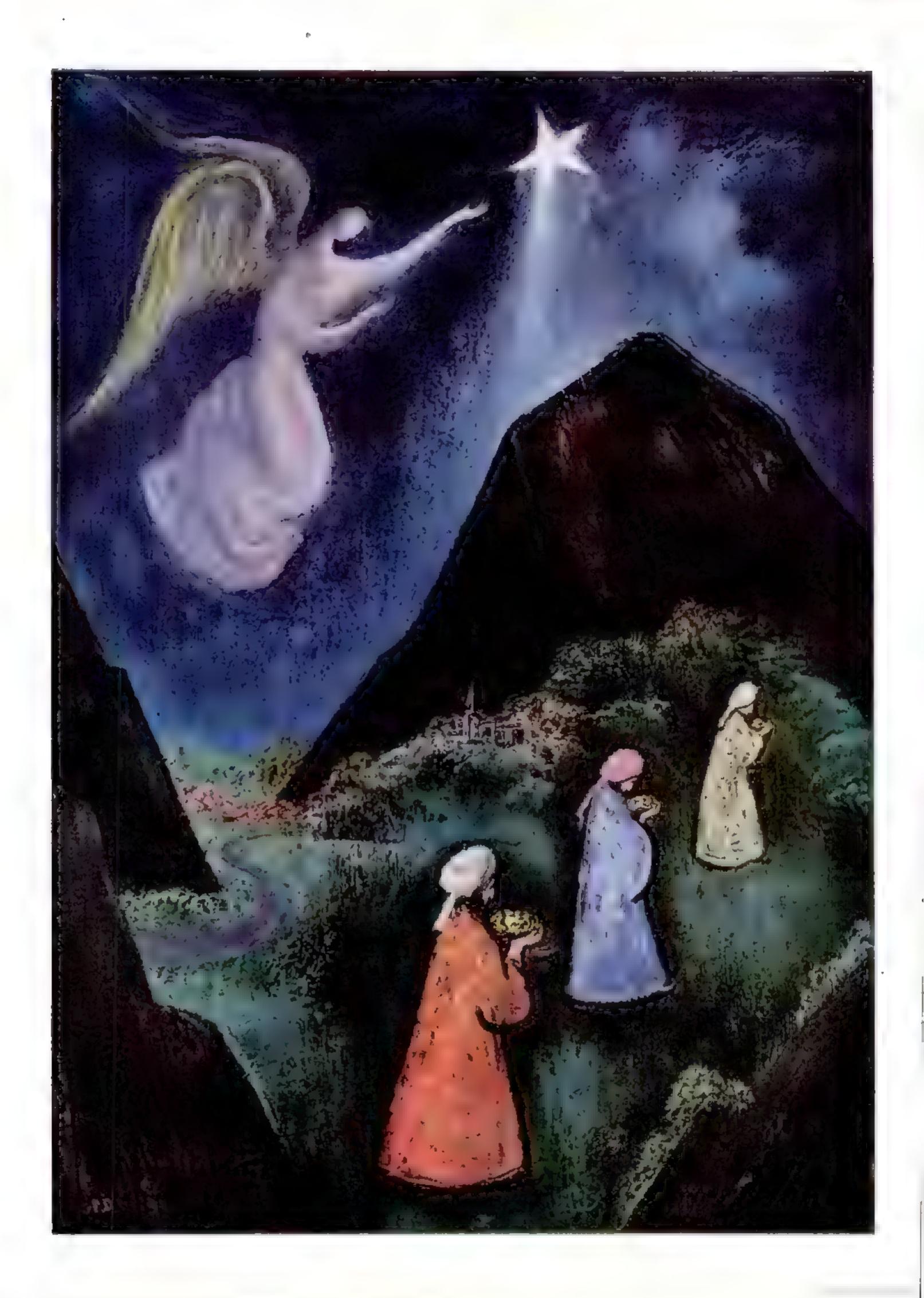
Christ, the Saviota, is some











We Three Kings of Orient Are

PAINTED BY

Gladys Rockmore Davis

All

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and
mountain,
Following yonder Star.

CHORUS:

O Star of wonder, Star of night, Star with royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to Thy perfect light.

Melchior

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring, to crown Hum again, King forever, ceasing never, Over us all to reign.

Caspar

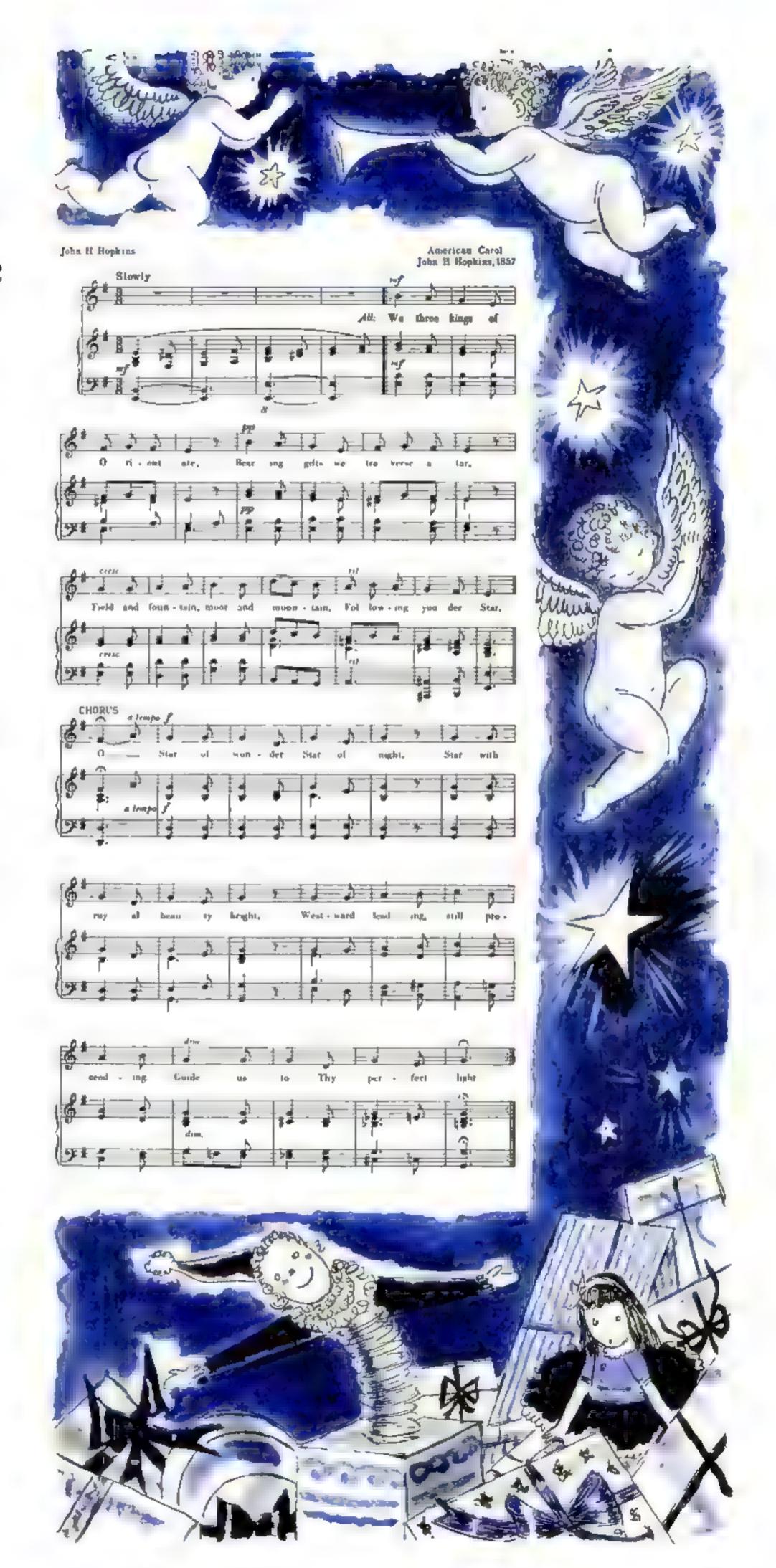
Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Pray'r and praising, all men
raising,
Worship Him, God most high.

Balthazar

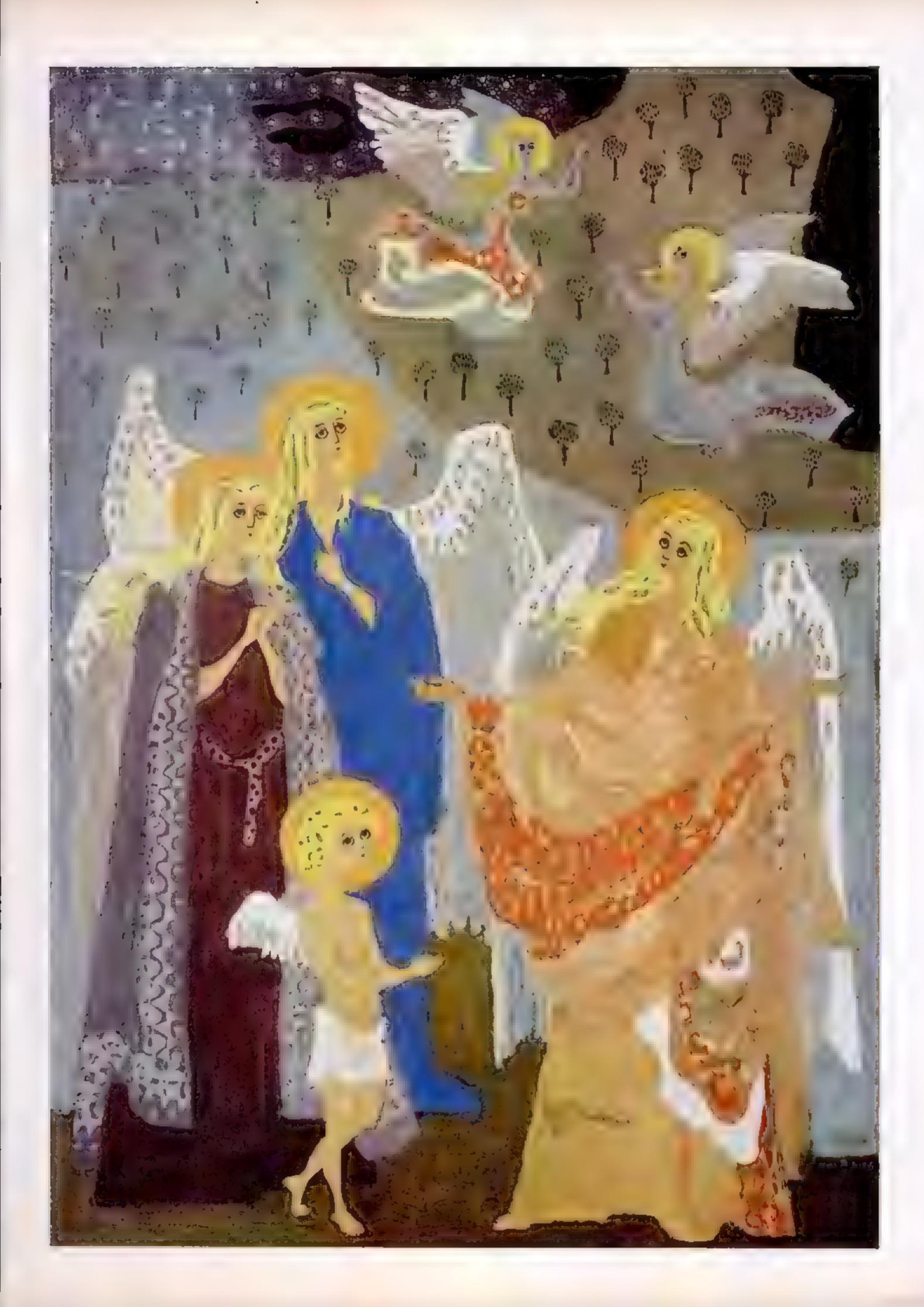
Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom,
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding,
dying,
Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.

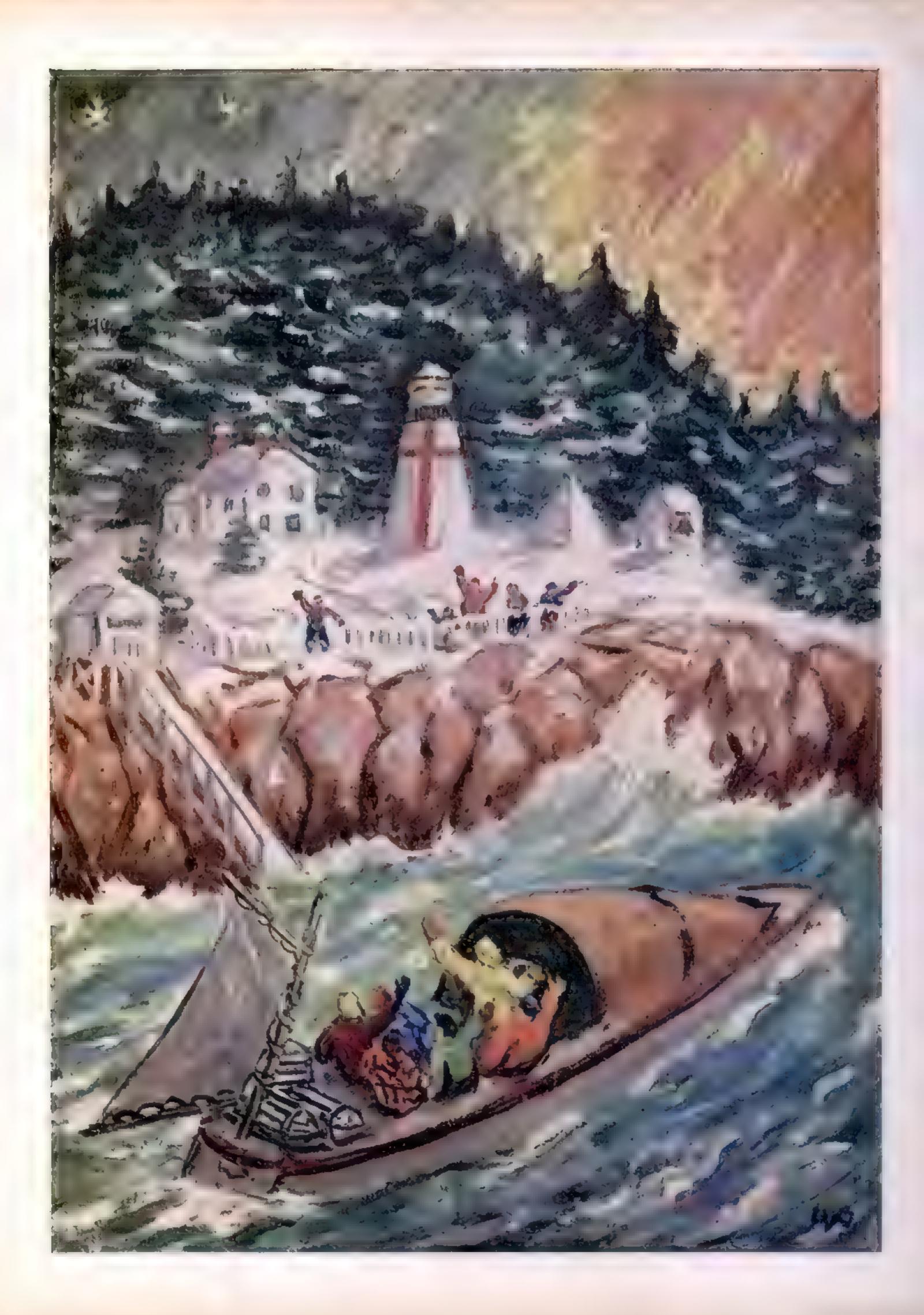
449

All
Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Earth to the heav'ns replies.









God rest you merry, Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray.

CHORUS:

O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,

O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.

From Cod our heav'nly Father,
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same;
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not then," said the angel,

"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour

Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him,
From Satan's power and might."

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.





Better "salad" for John McAdam

Recipe: To crushed rock, add just the right amount of asphalt. Blend and mix like a salad . . .

To improve this recipe add Shell Research, and you will have the makings of a superb modern road, "Macadam" construction—developed by John McAdam more than 125 years ago—becomes more durable than ever.

Newest of Shell's many laboratories for research into asphalt—is now in full operation . . .

In it, Shell scientists actually "bring the highway indoors" for controlled study. Miniature mixers and other tools of the trade highd miniature roads. Studyles of actual paying are sent in by highway department engineers from all over the country....

Tests include: how asphalt reacts to different types of mineral aggregate . . . how it stands up to heat, cold, moisture, Important? Yes, over half of America's roads—500,000 miles—are now built with asphalt,

End product of this research—to you, the motorist and taxpayer—is safer, longer-lasting roads...a longer run for your tax dollar.

Hundreds of Research achievements demonstrate Shell leadership

Development of better asphalts is only one research achievement by which Shell demonstrates leadership in the petroleum industry, and in petroleum products. Wherever you see the Shell name and trade mark, Shell Research is your guarantee of quality.







CARTIER'S ENTRANCE ROOM DISPLAYS LITTLE JEWELRY. HERE CLIENTS (RIGHT)

The HOUSE of CARTIER

It sells expensive jewelry with an air of dignified disinterest

The unmercantile establishment shown in genteel operation above is the most elegant jewelry store in the U.S. It is Cartier's, a name which for years

has connoted to shopgirl and dowager alike the ultimate in big-stoned, superbly crafted jewelry. Actually it is the New York branch, and also the largest and most lucrative branch, of a French firm that was founded just 100 years ago this fall by Louis François Cartier, a descendant of the court metalworker to Kings Louis XV and XVI.

To refer to Cartier's merely as a jewelry store, however, is to commit lèse majesté—Cartier's holds warrants as jeweler to half a dozen European and Asiatic royal houses, and it is not infrequently commissioned to reset the crown jewels of Indian potentates who desire a change of headgear. At Cartier's the customer becomes a "chent" as soon as he steps off Fifth Avenue into the mellow-paneled, crystal-chandehered atmosphere of a dignified town house which, as a matter of fact, the Cartier premises originally were. He is waited upon by a suave and courtly salesman who would no more think of urging him to buy anything than he would

MODEST SIGN proclaims Cartier's presence at Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street. Workrooms are on top floors.

expect the customer to bargain on the price of a \$30,000 brooch. The customer is shown a glittering variety of jewelry, flat silver, watches, clocks and cigaret cases, almost all of which have been designed and made in Cartier's own workshops. Prices range from \$1 (a religious medal) to \$1 million (a 107-carat emerald necklace). And if the customer does not see what he likes, he can have a piece designed and painstakingly made to his order by fine craftsmen (next page). Cartier's has made as many as 18 designs of one piece to please one finicky customer, but this gracious affability has its limits. One day a customer brought in his gallstones and asked that they be mounted in a diamond and gold setting. Cartier's, which after 100 years takes fine jewelry pretty seriously, stiffly told him that he had better try somewhere else.



\$099,000 WORTH of Cartier pewels, dramond necklade, \$180,000, dram and root, \$130, 000; emerald necklade, \$2,0000; clip, \$14,000, pearliving \$39,500, necklade, \$45,000;



"GOLD ROOM" sells pins, bracelets, compacts and cigaret lighters of gold. Carteer is protected at night by 20 safes and two watchmen, has never been burglarized.



DESIGNING is first step in producing Cartier jewelry. Here one of five Cartier des mers sketi hes a choker.



MATCHING diamon is that will go not opiece is next. Matchers draw on Cartin is longer to k of anset stones.



SETTING stones is done by \$300-a-week craftsmen. Superb cutting, setting partly account for high prices.

Dependable CHAMPION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUG



In every season, dependable Champion Spark Plugs play an active part, directly or indirectly, in the lives of practically every American. This fact, particularly at this season, engenders in us a warm glow of appreciation for the confidence placed in our product. The number of Champion Spark Plugs purchased in 1947 far eclipses that of any year in our history. We believe the reason for this is their inherent dependability. It is the one all-inclusive quality upon which we concentrate all of our research, engineering and manufacturing facilities. Champion is truly "America's Favorite Spark Plug."

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND NEW DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

Listen to CHAMPION ROLL CALL Harry Wisser's fast sportscast every Friday night, over the ABC network . . . CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



A CUSTOMER, Mrs. Julien Chaqueneau of New York society, is shown a \$325,000 diamond necklace by her salesman. Jack Hasey, who according to Cartier custom al-

ways waits on her and knows her tastes and previous purchases. Many safesmen have been with the tarm from 10 to 10 years and are on a field also doctors by their fields.





IN PARTY DRESS, FOUR PRETTY STUDENTS OF AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE IN ATLANTA, GA. DECORATE DOORWAY OF A FRATERNITY AT NEIGHBORING EMORY UNIVERSITY



FORMALLY DRESSED COUPLE LEAVES THE BALLROOM THROUGH A HUGE CHRISTMAS WREATH AT A PREHOLIDAY DANCE AT POMONA COLLEGE, CLAREMONT, CALIF.

COLLEGE PARTIES

Frilly gowns and Christmas wreaths bring the boys and girls together Every year before Christmas vacation college girls, both pretty and plain, like to dig into their chiffon and satin finery in preparation for the holiday parties. On their campuses it is a time of house parties, formal dances and reception lines. Collegiate tuxedos and shirts are cleaned and starched until they are as crisp as their owners' crew haircuts. In the South, where an ante-bellum atmosphere is attempted, the girls like to dress in pastel frocks (opposite) and dance the old-fashioned

tashi in. Pomona rushes the season with a Christ-mas dance, including a cotton snow man and big evergreen wreaths (above). At Nebraska the season's big event is a military ball, complete with an arch of sabers, and in New Orleans' Latin Quarter, Tulane students stage their annual costume ball But everywhere the girls have a good time and a chance to practice party manners which they can show off later for benefit of the boys back home.

WIRE YOUR HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

NOTHING GIVES THE THRILL

Holiday Greeting by Western union

FOR THE FOLKS

OF A TELEGRAM =

ALL MY LOVE ON CHRISTMAS TO THOSE WHOSE LOVE HAS ALWAYS MEANT SO MUCH TO ME =

Choose the telegram you want to send to

family and friends from the suggested messages below—or from any of dozens of other Christmas and New Year messages in the list of greatings waiting for you at any Western Union office. Whether you use any of the suggested greatings or write your own, your message will be delivered on attractive, four-color Christmas stationery. Call Western Union now.



FOR YOUNGSTERS

THE LARGEST OF STOCKINGS WOULD NEVER DO TO HOLD ALL MY WISHES THIS CHRISTMAS FOR YOU =



FOR BUSINESS FRIENDS

TO ONE WHO ALWAYS MAKES BUSINESS SUCH A PLEASURE =



FOR DISTANT FRIENDS

YOU MAY BE FAR AWAY BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS CLOSE TO OUR HEARTS. MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR =

TON UNION



FOR SWEETHEARTS

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MOST PEOPLE SAY HAPPY CHRISTMAS, IS ANOTHER WAY. WHATEVER THE WORDS, I WANT TO CONVEY THAT I LOVE YOU ON CHRISTMAS -AND EVERY DAY =



HR24 PD= JOHN DOE -ANYWHERE USA -



Holiday gifts delivered by messenger

A service that takes the grief out of the Christmas rush. The smart way to spotlight a gift. Merchants and adviduals who face delivery problems during the coming holidays should discuss this now with Western Union. Rates, by the trip or hour. This dependable service is available for any errand, any day.



TIP SHEET COST A DOLLAR BUT GAVE WRONG TIP

"HUSH" HUBBUB

Housewife wins \$21,500 contest by solving radio show's riddle

On Dec. 6, to the relief of countless librarians and the disappointment of 700,000 contestants, a Texas housewife (right) spoke two words and won radio's biggest jackpot (below). She had identified a mysterious "Miss Hush" on Truth or Consequences, ending eight weeks of a contest even more hectic than those which previously spotted Mr. Hush (Jack Dempsey) and Mrs. Hush (Clara Bow).

The contest, which brought in \$400,000 for the March of Dimes, began with obscure clues. But the clues grew broader, the prizes larger and the public more hysterical. Contestants besieged public libraries to look for help in Who's Who. Tip sheets (above) were sold (they were wrong). Columnists printed their guesses (some were right). But it remained for Mrs. Ruth Annette Subbie, 45, of Fort Worth, Texas to end the contest. Mrs. Subbie, who habitually enters contests, wound up with \$21,500 worth of prizes, from which taxes will take some \$5,000. Tax-free was the huge publicity which the modern dance could never have brought its practitioner, Miss Hush herself (see next page).



AFTER NAMING MISS HUSH, WINNER (LEFT) COLLAPSES BESIDE MOTHER WHILE A FRIEND ANSWERS PHONE



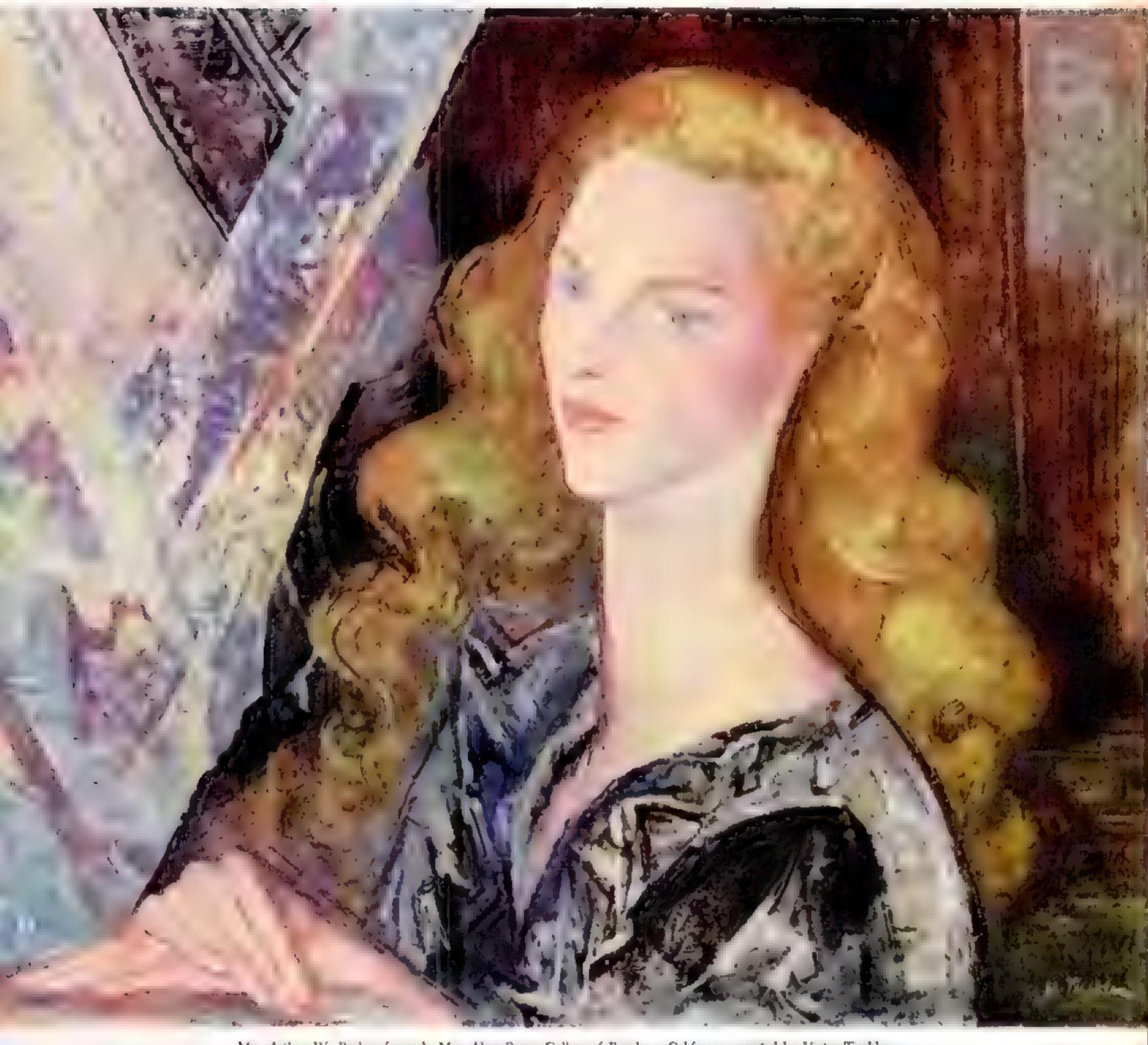
THE PRIZES in clude \$2,000 in cash, an airplane, a super-convertible car, automatic washing machine, round trip to Honolulu, house trailer, \$1,000 diamond-and-ruby watch, television receiver, radio-phonograph, \$1,500 Canadian-beaver fur coat (on

model), gas refrigerator, house-painting job, kitchen range, home freezer, \$1,000 diamond ring, vacuum cleaner, electric blankets and Venetian blinds. Master of Ceremonies Ralph Edwards (at the microphone) is talking with an unsuccessful contestant.



MISS HUSH IS MARTHA GRAHAM, grim exponent of modern dance. Early clues to her identity were hard, like "second for Santa Claus." Listeners had to know that Santa is supposed to use reindeer the second named Dancer After the guesses had

run in all directions, ranging from Sister Kenny to Elsa Maxwell. Miss Hush's voi e on the microphone made broader allusions about the reindeer. She finally linked her self to an auto and a cracker, limited that her in tials were 13 and 7 in the alphabet.



Mrs. Arthur W. Backer, formerly Miss Alice Pernii Collins of Pasadena, California-painted by Victor Tischler

The engagement diamond lends its own bright flame and fair tradition to life's most glorious covenant. To be cherished, the diamond you choose need not be costly or of many carats, but should be worthy of its special role. Since color, cutting and clarity contribute also to its beauty and value, a trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.















BENNETT KNOWS WHY...



CARLINGS.





Come on in tolks, says that red cap on the door. It's a greeting, a promise, a happy-holiday idea. Have Carling's! Serve Carling's!

Light-not logy

Mellow-not musty

Better-not bitter

blending in the vat.

Like beer? Like ale? Enjoy Carling's

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Cleveland, Ohio

Born in Canada (1840). New Going Great in the 48 States up a Product of U. S. A.

Hoppy Day/Thing Carling a new lightweight, throw-away bottle. Holds same full 12 ounces. No deposit. No return. No extra cost.



A TOMB on the road to BETHLEHEM

TURBANED ARABS CURIOUSLY INSPECT LOW, WALLED ANTECHAMBER WHICH PROTECTS ENTRANCE TO TOME

ANCIENT SEPULCHER MAY CONTAIN EARLY EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY

In the dry limestone hills around Jerusalem, the Holy City, are tombs as old as Christianity. Carved in the living rock more than 1,900 years ago, they are the family sepulchers of Jews who lived in the city in the days when a young man called Jesus of Nazareth was teaching in the temples and market places, offering a new philosophy of charity and love to a people made cynical by long years of oppression. Among the bones scaled in these crypts are those of men who may have heard and sneered or marveled at the words of the strangely humble leader named by some "the Son of God."

For more than a hundred years scholars have made careful studies of these cave-tombs and their contents to learn how people lived in the time and place that saw the birth of Christianity. They have watched eagerly for bits of evidence which might be related to the happenings described in the New Testament; but while few people doubt that Jesus lived and was crucified, no ar-

chaeological proof of his life on earth has ever been found. So far the search has been in vain: no painting or inscription yet unearthed has definitely referred to Christ or his crucifixion.

But though there is no material evidence to support the Christian writings that have come down to us, inscriptions have sometimes been found which seemed to their discoverers, at least, to show that certain Jews of the First Century A.D. had accepted the new-born cult. The most recent and perhaps most controversial of these discoveries has been made in a tomb on the road to Bethlehem by the noted Jewish archaeologist Professor E. L. Sukenik. The tomb contained a number of stone boxes called ossuaries in which were placed the bones of the dead. On them Sukenik found marks and writing whose significance in his eyes has led him to claim, even in the face of considerable skepticism, that they may be among the earliest evidences of Christianity ever found.



SUKENIK EXAMINES TINY FIRST CENTURY JUG WHICH HELPED FIX DATE OF TOMB

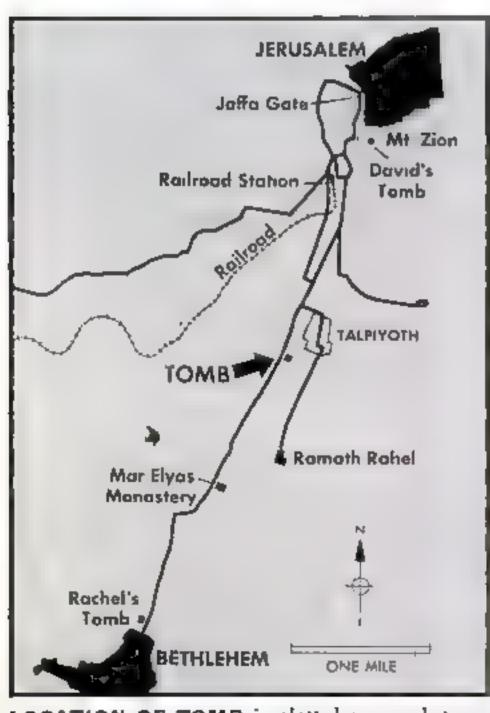


POTTERY AND COIN PROVE TOMB USED IN TIME OF CHRIST

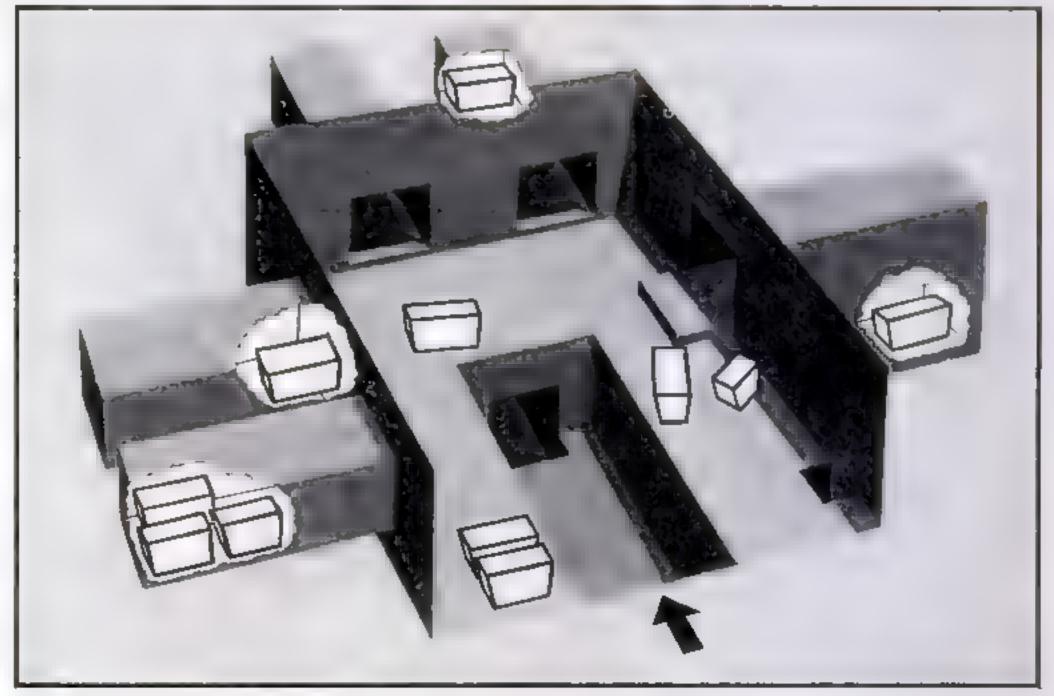
In early September 1945 a contractor's crew discovered the tomb while working in the Jerusalem suburb of Talpiyoth. Informed of the find, the Palestine government arranged with Jerusalem's Hebrew University to have Dr. Sukenik examine the cave and its contents.

Crawling through a low, arched opening, the excavators emerged into the dusty gloom of a chamber. about 10 feet square and 4 feet high, with an obling

pit sunk in the floor to give standing reon a thorr). Deep, cothaistape tshatts were cut not a new ils thelow); these were the loculi, the chambers in which hodies were sealed until the flesh had decomposed. In them and scattered around the door were 14 see suaries, some of them decorated and inscribed. The arrangement of the tomb was adapted to the strong desire of the early Jews to be lift briest among in a kin. Its six loculi were sufficient to hold the bodies



LOCATION OF TOMB is plotted on map between the Holy City and Bethlehem. It is in a modern suburb.

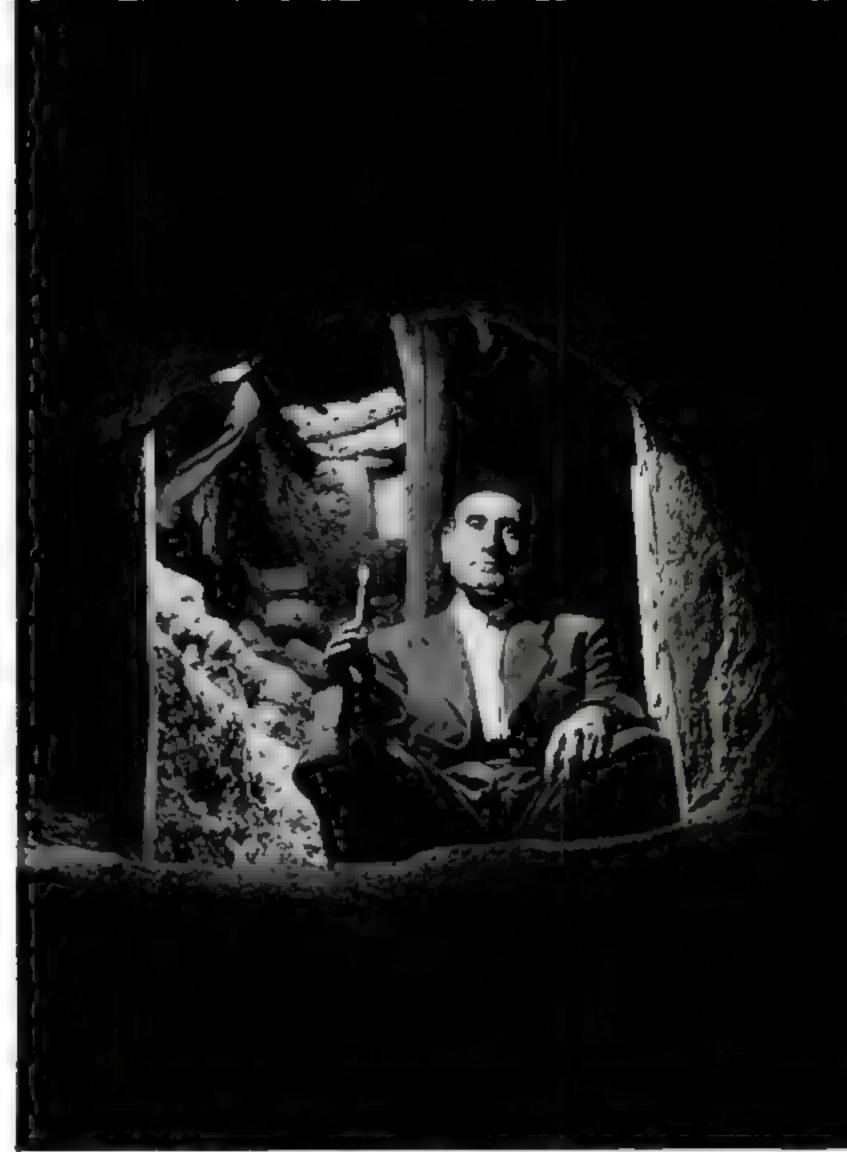


LAYOUT OF TOMB is diagramed from same perspective as photograph above. Six locuh lead off main chamber.

the one at right having two levels. Sukenik found the 11 ossuaries shown. Three had been removed by workmen.







of the recent dead. Later, when more space was needed, the dry bones could be removed and stored in the small ossuaries of which the tomb could hold a great number.

Here was a typical family sepulcher of the kind often built by wealthy people in the time of Herod and Pilate; not very different, perhaps, from the undiscovered tomb in which the body of Jesus was laid. For Matthew (27:57-60) wrote: "There came a rich

man . . . to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. . . . And . . . wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed."

To be of any value an archaeological find must be dated more or less exactly. In this case, Sukenik's task was an easy one. Although the tomb had apparently been entered by robbers, its contents were largely

undisturbed. There was pottery (above, left) of the type made in the First Century; there was a coin of 42 A.D.—the sixth year of the reign of Agrippa I, the vassal king of Judea, and it was well known that few Jewish tombs in Jerusalem were in use after 70 A.D. when the city was destroyed at Nero's order. There could be no question that some of the people buried here were contemporaries of Christ and that the objects found belonged to the period in which he lived.



BROKEN BONES lie in the bottom of ossuary. These boxes sometimes held two skeletons, usually only one.



WORN COIN taken from the tomb (right) is compared to identical but more legible one. Their date is 42-43 A.D.



OSSUARY decorated with carved rosettes stands in the lower level of double loculus shown in drawing at left.



HOTOTO

CHARCOAL SCRAWL on side of an issure y (enlarged beneath picture) spells out Greek version of the word "Jesus" followed by a three-letter word which bukenik translates as "woe" Some scholars desagree with the translation, claim word may be a second magni.



H-COY(A)WB

ON ANOTHER OSSUARY inscription spells "Jesus Aloth" in Greek Sokenik thorks this may be a lament for Jesus written by a Christian tamby on the ossuary of one of its members. But Jesus Aloth might simply be the name of the family men ber bused in it.



June 177999

HEBREW WRITING on a third burial box was harder to decipher. Sukenik finally reconstructed the letters of the name to read "Sumeon Barsaba," the second part of which has a special interest because it is twice mentioned in "Act-" of the New Testament.



HERCULANEUM CROSS HAS LATIN FORM

CONTROVERSY CENTERS ON MEANING OF INSCRIPTIONS

When Sukenik and his men entered the tomb they expected to find no more than an unexciting agglomeration of ossuaries and pottery. Then one of the diggers found a strange thing: an ossuary whose sides bore rough, charcoal-drawn crosses (below). Sukenik knew that the crosses might have little meaning. They could be ornaments or signs to show that the ossuary was full; but it occurred to him that they might be marks of Christian burial. He had once believed with other archaeologists that the cross was not used as a Christian symbol until a time much later than the date of the Jewish tomb. Then, in 1939, a cross was found above what seems to be an altar in the city of Herculaneum, a city destroyed by lava in 79 A.D. He reasoned that if it had been a religious symbol then these crosses might also be.

Turning to the other ossuaries, Sukenik found several inscriptions. Two were in Greek (left, top and center) and consisted of the common name "Jesus" followed by words which he translated as expressions of sorrow. A third, in early Hebrew, he took to be the name of "Simeon Barsaba," a name found in the New Testament where two disciples, Joseph called Barsabas and Judas surnamed Barsabas, are mentioned.

In Sukenik's mind, the association of the name Barsaba, the Greek inscriptions and the four crosses seemed more than coincidental. He concluded that the tomb belonged to a Jewish family whose members had included disciples of Jesus, that the crosses and inscriptions substantiated this, and that, because of the age of the tomb, these things were the earliest known records of Christianity.

Many archaeologists doubt that Sukenik's evidence supports his contentions. Others are withholding judgment until his full report is published in the American Journal of Archaeology. But whatever the experts decide, Sukenik's work is a valuable addition to the age-old and continuing study of the days of Jesus and of the land in which he lived.



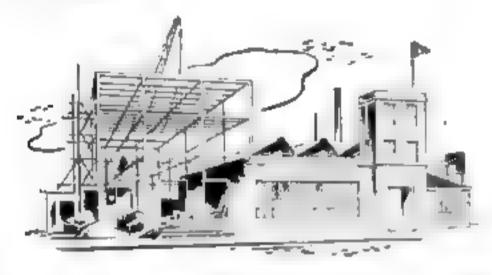
CHARCOAL CROSS of Greek form is repeated on all four sides of plain ossuary. Its size and position suggested to Sukenik that it was not made as a crude decoration but as a graphic reference to the new cult of Christianity.



What kind of outfit do you want to work for?



I. If you were to set out to choose a company to work for, one of the first things you'd want to be sure of is that it is solid enough to promise a steady job at good pay, plus a chance for your advancement.



2. Then you'd probably think about the firm's chances to expand and grow. Because you know, of course, that increased wages can come only through increased production. And you naturally want a job in which you can grow along with the company.



3. Next, you'd want to make sure that the company makes a product which people really want to buy—and that you want to help make.

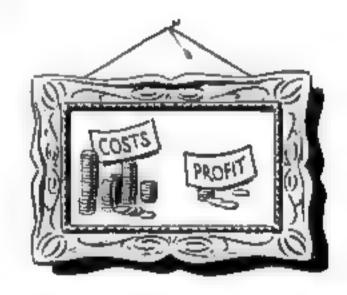


4. And of course you'd check on the quality and prices of the company's products. Common sense tells you that when a firm's prices are too high—or quality too low—competition soon forces that firm out of business. And you don't want to hook up with any outfit that's on the way out!





5. On top of all else, you'd make certain about good management when you pick an ideal firm to work for. You know that good management has saved many a business in "bad times"—and even in "good times" it's something no business can do without!



6. Finally, what's the "profit picture"? You know that a firm must make a profit to stay in business. Besides, the profits earned by industry pay for the research and development that bring more products, more and better jobs, lower prices—and a bigger opportunity for you.

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A PRINCE AT WAR

The reminiscences of a famous youth are concluded with an account of the war years and the author's emergence as a global ambassador

by EDWARD, DUKE OF WINDSOR

N Aug. 3, 1914, the day before the German Army struck into Belgium, I spent part of the afternoon alone on a squash court at the Bath Club in Dover Street, batting a small rubber ball against a blank wall. A week or so earlier, in a flash of happiness, I had exclaimed in my diary: "I don't know how I should live without the Bath Club!" But the sudden fact of war made it seem the least important place on earth. That afternoon I was lonely and frustrated. The war that would occupy the spirit and energies of my generation for the next four years had already confronted me with a unique personal problem: was I to be a soldier in the field with the troops or was I to be kept in Britain as the Heir Apparent, not to be risked in battle.

Had I been any other British youth of 20 that question would never have arisen. In the normal course of events I would have enlisted and been sent to France and there, in all probability, I would have been

killed or certainly wounded within a year. But as Prince of Wales and next in line of succession to the Throne, I was to discover that my trophy value exceeded my military usefulness. In any event, my father, the King, in the midst of the crisis, paused long enough to tell me that I must wait in London until "suitable employment" could be found for me.

What this decision, on the eve of war, meant to me can be judged from the entry I made in my diary that night before I went to bed at Buckingham Palace:

". . . I returned terribly depressed as of course the only topic was the war, & I haven't the remotest chance of getting out with the Expeditionary Force. The knowledge that I must remain in London (for some time anyhow), totally devoid of a job of any description, is becoming almost intolerable. . . . Was out walking with Cadogan [my equerry] from 6:00 to 7:30, to kill time. I had to come in through the garden on account of the dense crowd which was airing its patriotism in front of the Palace. The parents went out on the balcony just before dinner at 8:30 & twice again before 10:00 as fresh masses arrived. They sang and cheered the whole evening.... Such a relieving sign to feel that the people are

backing everything up. . . . Thank God the Govt, has decided that France shall not be deserted. Oh!! God, the whole thing is too big to be compre-

hended. Oh, that I had a job!!"

And this, the second night, August 4: "... At 10:30 came the news that Germany had declared war.... A Privy Council was at once summoned for Papa to sign our declaration of war and as soon as this was known in the crowd outside, excitement became intense. Then amid an unparalleled demonstration of patriotism the parents showed themselves at 11:00 before going to bed. But the people remained singing, cheering and whistling for another 3 hrs. and I was lulled to sleep by their fearful shindy at 1:30. The die is cast. May God protect the Fleet!!"

Before enlarging upon the personal problem which the war injected into my life, I should say something about those crowds which for days

and nights stood outside Buckingham Palace collecting, dispersing and reforming, filling the great rooms with their tumultuous sounds. I watched them often from my bedroom window and, reflecting today upon that scene across the void of two world wars, I believe that in the behavior of those friendly, patient, hopeful and patriotic British crowds lies a key to many of the changes that have come over our times. How different was the mood of the great masses of people this time. This time all the young men went forth to fight in a hard and cynical frame of mind; they had been raised on somber tales of the mass slaughters on the Western Front; they had heard all about war from their fathers, its waste and folly and elusive victories. In 1914 the holocaust lay ahead and unknown. The British people outside Buckingham Palace were of good conscience. None of the stratagems of the crowd architects of the present-day mass state had been required to herd them there. They had been put in motion by the

simple loyalties and uncorroded faiths of Britain's uncommonly fine common man.

On the fourth day my personal crisis was tempo-

rarily resolved:

. . . Then asked my father for a commission in the Grenadiers stating that I could no longer tolerate being unable to serve my country and dear Papa never hesitated a moment and immediately instructed Lord Stamfordham [his Secretary] to notify this to the War Office. . . . It was a happy moment for me and now I am an officer in the Army and am going to do active service!! I get away from this awful palace where I have had the worst weeks of my life!!"

However, the question of what to do about me was only one of the private problems which the war suddenly thrust violently into the well-regulated life of the King and Queen. Our German connections inevitably gave rise to awkward situations; and my parents' behavior was an object lesson in public manners; for they never sacrificed kindliness and simple humanity to the passions of the moment.

One situation involved my father's first cousin by marriage, the First Sea Lord, Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, who had been born in Austria of a German father. A public clamor arose. It was said that it

would be an iniquitous and treasonable thing to leave the Royal Navy under a German; but my father, incensed over what he considered a slander upon one of Britain's finest technical naval officers, not to mention his own cousin, fought hard to save him. The smear campaign was taken up by the popular press and finally reached the floor of Parliament. In the end "Uncle Louis" had no alternative but to resign. I called upon him at the Admiralty while all the fuss was going on and the hurt showed in his tired, lined face. "This is indeed an ignominious end to a lifetime of loyal service to the British Navy," he said, "but I shall not allow this to embitter me against my country of adoption." The King stood by him to the end.

My Army commission was aigned by my father. On being gazetted to the Grenadier Guards, I was posted to the King's company of the 1st Battalion, stationed at Warley Barracks, Brentwood, Essex. This was a special honor, since my modest 5 feet 7 inches failed by a conspicuous margin to meet



I WAS SUBALTERN IN GRENADIERS

SNAPSHOTS OF THE WAR YEARS



MY WAR EXPERIENCES, like those of any other soldier, were many and varied. In 1914 I joined the Grenadier Guards and later went to France on the staff of Sir John French (top right). Many of my friends were killed, and at Ypres I found the grave of my former equerry Cadogan (bottom left). Trotter, a brother Grenadier (top)

center), later became my aide and was with me in America it 1.924. We distoss it clicked visits to tio pital (bottom center). My sister Mary (center) was a norse slate, all through the war. When the AFF went into Germany the great Billy Mitchell, took me fiving (top lett), and at a brench mess I was photographed in a French Lehnet, but our right).

the minimum height of 6 feet required for officers and enlisted

men of this Company. I was a pygmy among giants.

For five weeks I trained hard with the hattalion. We took long route marches and fired on the ranges. And with the newest ensigns and recruits I paraded under the Sergeant-Major for "squad drill on the square." Back at Wellington Barracks in Birdcage Walk in London the sudden granting of 48-hour leave was a sure sign that the battalion was going overseas. But my immediate transfer to the 3rd Battalion Grenadiers, stationed at the same barracks, confirmed my earlier suspicions that I would be left behind. It was a terrible blow to my pride, the worst in my life. I went at once to see my father at the Palace and, trying to conceal my bitterness, I asked why this had to be. My father answered that it was not his wish but Lord Kitchener's. "Lord Kitchener," he said, "does not want you in France just now."

Lord Kitchener was Secretary of State for War. Face to face with this immense, fierce-looking man, one would have said that all the slow, stubborn purpose of Britain was concentrated behind his somewhat florid countenance. He listened to my case. "What does it matter if I am killed?" I insisted. "I have four brothers."

Kitchener's steely blue eyes met mine. He answered "If I were sure you would be killed I do not know if I should be right to restrain you. But I cannot take the chance, which always exists until we have a settled line, of the enemy taking you prisoner." As an ensign commanding a platoon, or at most 40 men, I would have put a lower valuation upon myself.

Resigned to "West End duties," I reported to the 3rd Battalion. By now my drill was sufficiently good for me to go on "King's Guard" and the Adjutant accordingly passed me "off the square." Then for two months I took part in the guard mounting ceremonies which had thrilled me as a small boy and at the end commanded

the detachment which guarded my father.

But now with the British Army hanging by a thread at Ypres, the fulfillment of a childhood dream seemed to have lost some of its point. For the casualty lists had begun to appear, and I found the names of my friends, including brother officers in the Brigade of Guards with whom I had trained only a few short weeks before. My equerry "Willie" Cadogan was killed with the 10th Hussars; one of my cousins and two of my father's equerries lost their lives about the same time, causing me to exclaim in my diary, "I shan't have a friend left soon." Against the background of these incredible sacrifices my efforts thereafter to find an honorable place in the fighting were of small importance, except to myself.

I go overseas

EVENTUALLY on Nov. 16th, 1914, at my father's direction, I was sent overseas as a junior staff officer attached to the General Headquarters of Field Marshal Sir John French, Commander in Chief, British Expeditionary Force. It was no doubt a lucky thing for the British Army that not many soldiers were sent off to war in quite the same way as I was. The last order my father gave me was that I should in no circumstances go into the fighting, nor travel the roads behind the front alone. After a mean Channel crossing to Boulogne and a bleak drive to St. Omer I reported to Sir John. St. Omer is a small provincial town in the department of Pas de Calais. With my soldier servant, Finch, now in the khaki of an enlisted man, I shared a small house with half a dozen staff officers.

At St. Omer I had my first look at war—the Headquarters view. We were about 30 miles from the fighting, out of earshot of all but the heaviest artillery bombardments. Sir John French had surrounded himself with older officers and friends who instinctively thought of war in terms of the skirmishes and bivouacs of the Boer War. They liked their food and comforts, and in the opinion of us young subalterns were often out of touch with what was actually happening in the line. I well recall my father's incredulous expression when, during his first visit to the troops in France in late November 1914. Sir John assured him the war would be over by Christmas.

For a long time the nearest I ever got to the fighting was Divisional Headquarters. My days were taken up with paper work and the carrying of dispatches—made work, I presently realized, designed to conceal my noncombatant role under a show of activity.

The concept of duty was part of my inheritance. Is it surprising, then, that I should have rebelled against being held in idleness while my friends bore the shock of battle? My letters to my father had one theme: Let me take a more active part.

No doubt to quiet these complaints, I was sent for a spell of duty



I WENT ON ROUTE MARCHES in London with the King's Company, 1st Battah in Grenadier Guards, during the early weeks of the war. Claud Hamilton (behind me) became n y equerry.

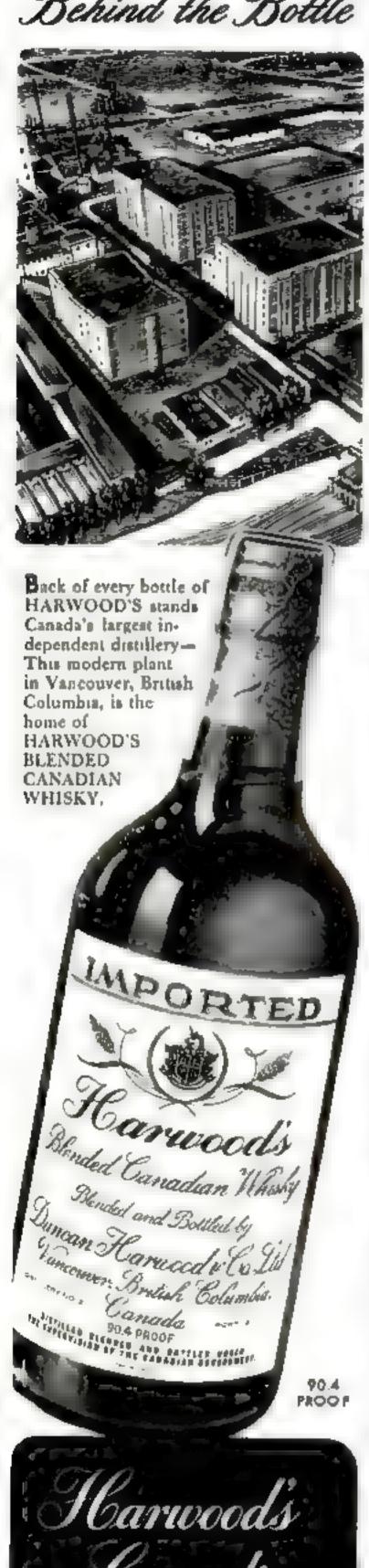


MY PARENTS met President Pomcaré and his wife (above, left) at Abbeville in 1917. Later that year, after Caporetto I was on the Italian front with Lord Cavan (below, right).



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The Distillery Behind the Bottle



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to Second Division Headquarters at Béthune, only five miles from the front lines. From here, after my first trip to the front, I in obvious excitement wrote:

March 1, 1915

"Dear Papa,

... Here the Germans are rather close so I didn't go into the front trench proper tho. I managed to see the ennemy's [sic] trenches as well as a lot of their dead. . . . I spent a grand 10 mins. spotting thro. my stalking glass for an officer who had his rifle aimed on a certain spot in a German trench where men could be seen frequently passing & standing. Whenever I saw a man I told him & he fired!! I never saw one drop but the bullets must have gone fairly close for the men used to disappear v. hurriedly!! . . . So I spent a most wonderful 2 hrs. this morning: 2 hrs. that I shall never forget. "

Hardly had I removed my eyes, figuratively speaking, from the fascinating panorama framed within the lens of my stalking glass before I was whisked back, by Sir John French's order, to the safety of St. Omer. The battle of Neuve Chapelle was about to begin; it was, in the Headquarters view, no place for the Prince of Wales. It was not until May 1915, that I managed to shed Sir John French's cronies and join the staff of Lieut, Ceneral Sir Charles Munro, commanding the First Corps in the Béthune sector. An army corps headquarters was closer to the front lines than the Supreme Headquarters, but as I complained to my father it still fell short of a young soldier's ideal.

May 19, 1915 "... As regards myself it's always office work of various kinds & I never see anything or go near the front. . . . I feel that in later years I shall ever regret the fact that I was out so long in N. France & yet saw practically nothing of the fighting or got any proper idea of what our troops had to go thro. I shall have to remember the war by the various towns & places far back which were Headquarters of Generals I was attached to, of meals, etc.!! But I have said enough!!"

A rendezvous with history

OW, I have never been much of a philosopher, and perhaps on that account I was a long time in identifying the true nature of my frustration. The original reason why I was not allowed to fight—that I might be captured and thus provide the enemy with a valuable hostage-had by this time ceased to have validity. Manifestly I was being kept, so to speak, on ice, against the day that death would claim my good father. But in the midst of all the blaughter of the Western front, I found it hard to reconcile myself to this unique dispensation. My generation had a rendezvous with history, and my whole being insisted that I share the common destiny whatever it might be.

During this period, I had been in the practice of slipping up to the front lines on my own, visiting my friends in the various Guards Regiments, and snatching quick glimpses of the war. But these surreptitious visits proved unnecessary after September 1915, when I was appointed to the staff of Major General (later Field Marshal) Lord Cavan, commanding the newly formed Guards Division. Frederick Rudolph Lambart, 10th Earl of Cavan-or "Fatty" to his brother officers—was a Grenadier of my father's generation, a gentleman in the best sense of the word, deeply proud of having fulfilled the two ambitions of his life, commanding the 1st Battalion of his regiment and being Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds.

I joined the Guards Division in the midst of the preparations for the famous battle for the high ground beyond Loos. And even this modest position close to the battlefield was almost lost to me by an unfortunate accident. During the battle when my driver was killed by a burst of shrapnel over the car, Sir John French percurptorily ordered me back to headquarters. Only after I had assured him that I was not in the car when the shell struck but had, in fact,

left it some minutes before, did he rescind the order.

At one stage during the battle I had the job of directing traffic at a crossroads in a forgotten village just behind the front. Ankledeep in mud, I watched two green divisions go past during the night, clanking and sloshing in the rain. Next day these two divisions broke under murderous German fire and streamed back in confusion, throwing away their rifles and great coats. Then up came the Guards, in one of the finest exhibitions of discipline ever seen on any battlefield. Topping the flaming ridge, company by company, in extended order, rifles slung, they moved into the attack down the shrapnel-raked hill before Loos as unconcerned as if on training maneuvers at Pirbright.

In December General Sir Douglas Haig succeeded Sir John French

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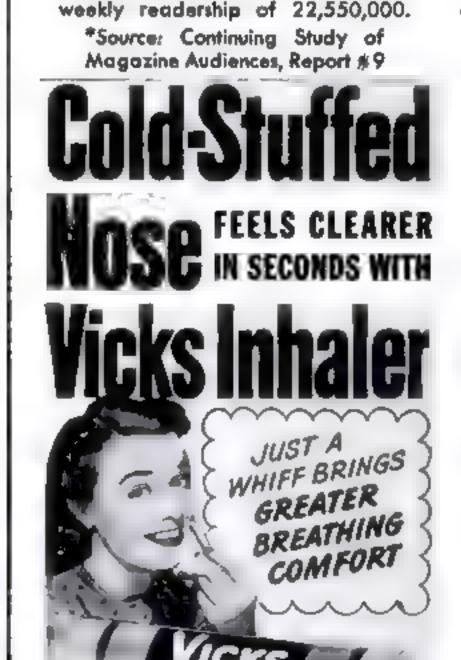
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as Commander in Chief of the British forces. Whether this cold and high-minded Scot became too absorbed in his strategic planning to worry over the safety of a mere Prince, or whether it was because of my continuous "needling," I shall never know, but thereafter, except for a hard-and-fast directive that I was under no circumstances to rejoin the Grenadiers as a combat officer, the policing of my movements in the forward areas was relaxed.

I was happy with the Guards—as happy anyway as it was possible to be in war. Many of the young officers were my friends. I knew them from the children's parties at Marlborough House, or from Oxford, the Bath Club and West End parties. As I wrote my father: "... I am very pleased to join this magnificent DIV, where are all my friends & what is more the friends of my friends at home. You know what I mean!! ... "The Guards Division was a great club; and if tinged with snobbishness it was the snobbishness of tradition, discipline, perfection and sacrifice. We—I feel that I was one of them—were the shock troops of the British Army; our prestige was purchased in blood.

Clearly, the well-established traditions of the storybook prince would require me to write at this point: It was on the Flers-Lesboeufs road; the company on my left had fallen back, exposing our left flank, a nasty business! I myself was wounded! But seizing the hunting horn which I always kept strapped to my belt, I blew a blast which rallied my men and. . . . But alas, nothing so dramatic even hereard to me

Yet even an insignificant staff officer can have his memories. I was in Egypt in 1916; on the Somme (once more under Lord Cavan, who had meanwhile been given command of the XIVth Corps) all through the infamous 1916–17 winter, and thru Passchendaele; then in Italy for the last year of the war. I saw the routed Italian Second Army streaming back from Caporetto, and at Treviso, standing near Lord Cavan, I listened with fascination as General Cadorna cursed socialism as the force which had rotted his army.

War on a bicycle

In an observation post atop the rubble of Langemarck Church I had my closest call, being suddenly bracketed early one quiet morning by two near misses and diving to safety as the third hit en plein. In a field near the Houthulst Forest I crouched for an hour with the Welsh Guards whilst a French battery shelled us enthusiastically in the belief that we were the enemy—a misunderstanding which was happily removed over a fine dinner at the battery commander's mess that night. And, needless to say, I got my first lesson in crap-shooting from the Americans—on the floor of the mess at General Pershing's headquarters at Chaumont, though not from the General himself.

I have no desire to emphasize my obscure and no doubt superfluous role in a great war; yet in a manner of speaking my education was completed in war, if not exactly as my tutors had intended. It was completed not by book or theory but through the experience of living under all kinds of conditions with all sorts of men.

But I learned about war chiefly on a bicycle. I was constantly back and forth between various headquarters, and although entitled to a staff car, I seldom used one within our area. The motor cars of the brass hats honked infantrymen off the road into ditches, splashed mud and, even under the best of circumstances, were an irritating reminder of the relative comforts of staff life. My green army bicycle was a heavy, cumbersome machine, which was tough to trundle through the mud. But on it I pedaled hundreds, even thousands of miles, collecting material for reports, inspecting camps and meeting thousands of people. My brother officers laughed at me for preferring this hard way of getting around, but they missed the point. Just as had my first bicycle at Sandringham, my army bicycle opened up for me an unexpected new world. Even now, after three decades, I still meet men who will suddenly say, "The last time I saw you, you were on your bicycle on the road to Poperinghe," or Montauban, or any one of a hundred French vil-

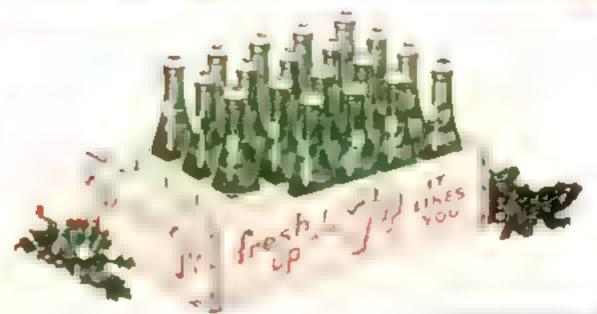
I am amazed when I hear the young veterans of this last war talk so casually about global war, with its whirlwind sweeps and rushes across oceans and continents. The war which my generation fought and in which more than one million Britishers perished was a different proposition—a relentless slugging match, contested with savagery and in animal-like congestion. Some 57,000 British fell the first day on the Somme; the slaughter went on at Arras and Passchendaele. I have only to close my eyes to see once more those awful charred battlefields; miles and miles of duckboard



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winding across a sea of mud; columns of heavily laden men trudging up to the front; columns of men trudging back, their vitality gone, their eyes dead. I remember the blood-stained shreds of khaki and tartan; the ground gray with corpses; mired horses etruggling as they drowned in shellholes.

My being a staff officer did not make me immune to the combat soldier's fatalism. On the Somme in 1916, watching the Guards move up to the attack, I had burned with desire to be with them:

"Oh! to be fighting with those grand fellows & not sitting back here doing so little as compared to them who are sacrificing their lives!! There could be no finer death, & if one was spared how

proud one would feel to have been thro, it. "

But, after seeing the great offensives begin with optimism and valor, then fizzle out into nothingness from sheer loss of life and human exhaustion, I in time shared the weariness and cynicism of the front line. By Passchendaele, a year later, the general disillusionment, the endlessly repeated scenes of carnage—not to mention several narrow escapes of my own-had done their work.

· "Dear Papa,

A big push is on toward the Steenebeck River and Langemarck village. . . . What the ground must be like tonight I shudder to think and we have completely obliterated all roads W. of Pilckem by shell fire. . . . I'm writing this in the office as I'm on watch or night-duty as they call it & it's very cold & damp & still pouring in sheets, the rain making a depressing 'pattering' noise on the tin roof of the hut!! The telephone is ringing fairly often so I don't suppose I shall get much sleep tonight. . . . But how thankful I am to think I am not living forward tonight & am sitting back here in comfort; one does appreciate their comfort when one has been forward & seen what it's like in the line now!! The nearest thing possible to hell whatever that is!"!"

Armistice Day found me a Major attached to the Canadian Corps at Mons, where the British forces had met their initial reverse in 1914. My mind had already begun to turn to other mat-

ters:

November 5, 1918

"Dear Papa, . . . There seems to be a regular epidemic of revolutions & abdications throughout the enemy countries which certainly makes it a hard & critical time for the remaining monarchies; but of those that remain I have no hesitation in saying that ours is by far the most solid tho, of course it must be kept so & I more than realise that this can only be done by keeping in the closest possible touch with the people & I can promise you this point is always at the back of mind & that I am & always shall make every effort to carry it out as I know how vitally it will influence the future of the Empire!! . . . I'm sure you won't mind when I tell you that I'm out the

The first postwar

whole of every day seeing & visiting the troops i.e. 'the people'!!!!"

WITH the end of the war, I did not leave the army at once but remained fairly steadily with the chart. remained fairly steadily with the troops in France and Belgium and the occupation forces in Germany until the spring of 1919. And when we of the army did return home after four years of war it

was with indescribable relief.

Britain is unfailingly beautiful in the spring, and we thanked God that we had been spared to see it again. The pomp and show of imperial habits remained. Opulence still surrounded the great families. Confidence and affluence exuded from the financial and commercial houses of the City of London and, perhaps because of this outward solidness, we Britons were slow in discovering how much the war had really cost us. It had been a heavy drain upon our capital, the money kind. More seriously still, it had wiped out much of the bravest and most spirited of our youth. That is another form of capital, the most important. Well, history can only make so many calls on the bank and in both the great world wars the British nation has met the claims of Western civilization in full, I do not know that historians or economists would agree with me, but I feel in my bones that the running-down process which has led to the present British crisis began in 1914.

I was nearly 25 when I returned to London and the time had come for me to set up my own establishment. Giving up my room on the third floor of Buckingham Palace, I moved into York House, one of the picturesque group of old buildings at the foot of St. James's Street, known as St. James's Palace. This meant leaving our little family circle, although it had pretty much disintegrated by then. Only my sister Mary, who had worked through the war in hospitals as a nurses' aid, remained at home. Bertie had transferred to the Royal Air Force after the Battle of Jutland and Jong spells on the



sick list in the Navy. Harry, a "gentleman cadet" at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, had by then taken the first step in his army career. George was in his first year at Dartmouth, standing much higher in the order of his term than either Bertie or myself ever had. And my youngest brother, John, had died a few months before. Our old tutor, Henry Peter Hansell, his long and pain-staking task completed, had retired, although I saw him occasionally thereafter. Finch followed me to York House, as major-domo, a step which he was afterwards heard to describe as the beginning of his education.

My return from the war meant helping my father in the business of kingship. He had a perfectly clear idea of what he expected of me. It was that I should step without delay into the customary duties devolving on the Heir Apparent—the laying of cornerstones, the ceremonial tree-planting, the opening of new highways; appearing before civic groups and assuming the honorary chairmanships of worthy charities and other institutions. In short I was required to show myself to the British people in order to make my character known and at the same time to fill the Prince of Wales's traditional role of the leader of society. The Prince of Wales has more liberty than the King; he can move around more, travel, mix freely with all kinds of people and in general act as agent for the monarch.

At my father's suggestion I began to visit the great industrial cities of Britain—the factories and slums of Glasgow, Birmingham, Cardiff, Plymouth, Newcastle, the East End of London. How different was this other world from Windsor, the Norfolk fens, the stately Palace rooms, the Cairngorm Mountains and the Bath Club.

For me to say that these first hard looks at Britain's strength and shame fired my social conscience immediately would be pretentious. That came later with fact-finding and further enlightenment. The precepts of my upbringing had been too firmly fixed for me to feel that poverty and bad housing conditions called for any spectacular or creative action by either my august father or myself. We could by all means evince sympathetic concern over such distressful conditions. But these were matters bound up in partisan politics, and it had been drilled into me almost from my first days in the little schoolrooms of Marlborough House and Sandringham that while I was free to think as I pleased, if my ideas touched politics, they must be kept to myself.

"Those men were in a funny temper"

YET I had been too long removed from Palace restraints and was already too much a part of my reonoclastic generation to fit readily into a cautious and submissive role. As I moved around Britain it dawned on me that the country was discontented, restless and disillusioned. There was rising unemployment. The servicemen not yet discharged were angry over the clumsy demobilization program; those who had been demobilized were disgruntled over the lack of jobs and homes; the disabled were bitter over inadequate disability pensions. There were strikes and demonstrations, nothing big or dramatic, but disturbing in their frequency and prevalence. And the trouble had infected the armed forces, leading to small, local, socialist-inspired mutinies at certain supply ports.

My father first came face to face with the new discontent one day in London. The War Office, hoping to calm the growing dissatisfaction of the discharged disabled soldiers, asked my father to attend a parade of some 15,000 of these men in Hyde Park. Mounted and in uniform he rode out from the Palace with Bertie and me to review them.

The men, all in plain clothes, were drawn up in divisional formation. At first glance everything appeared in order, the troops at attention, the bands playing and so on. Many men wore on their lapels the "Silver Badge," signifying their honorable discharge for wounds or other disabilities. But there was something in the air, a sullen unresponsiveness which all three of us felt instinctively. My father, steady as a rock, rode down the front line. Suddenly there was a commotion at the rear and, as if by prearranged signal, banners with slogans that had been concealed, were defiantly unfurled. With cries of "Where is this land fit for heroes?"-a hurling back of Lloyd George's famous election slogan—the men broke ranks and made straight for the King, who was quickly surrounded and cut off from me and my brother by a solid mass. For a moment I feared my father would be borne to the ground. Then I saw, with relief, that those who were closest were only trying to shake his hand. These men meant no harm; they had merely taken advantage of an opportunity which the War Office had all unconsciously given them of laying their grievances before the King in person. The only danger was that his horse might become scared; and indeed had it started to thrash around in that dense crowd, someone



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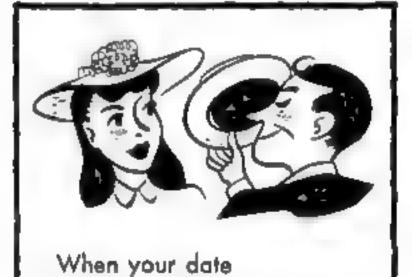
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SPANS THE WARLS



AFTER THE WAR was over my public duties as Prince of Wales increased, and my visits to the slums began to open my eyes to social problems.

almost certainly would have been hurt. And in such a charged at-

mosphere anything might then have happened.

Fortunately the police were able to extricate us, but the mob was still milling around in the Park as we rode back to the Palace. After my father dismounted, he looked at me, remarking, "Those men were in a funny temper." And shaking his head, as if to rid himself

of an unpleasant memory, he strode indoors.

For a while the exact meaning of all this turmoil puzzled them at the Palace; isolated as they were to some extent from the harsh impact of events by the protecting cushion of cabinet ministers and courtiers, much of what was going on in Britain seemed remote and unreal. This and other episodes could be conveniently explained away as the unfortunate but probably inevitable result of the postwar letdown which the innate good sense of the British people would presently have under control. But I had seen enough to convince myself that the trouble went far deeper; that the social unrest was related to the slaughter and the misery that the first "people's" war had inflicted upon the whole population.

Then the Russian Revolution of 1917 with the murder of the Czar Nicholas and his family had shaken my father's confidence in the innate decency of mankind. There was a very real bond between him and his first cousin Nicky; they corresponded with each other regularly; both wore beards of a distinctive character, and as young men they had looked much alike. When as Czarevitch, Nicholas came to London in 1893 for my father's wedding, my father was mistaken for him by a well-intentioned diplomat who asked if he had come over especially for the Duke of York's wedding. My father loved to relate the confusion that came over the embarrassed envoy when he replied, "I am the Duke of York, and it is important that I attend my own wedding." It has long been my impression that just before the Bolsheviks seized the Czar, my father had personally planned to rescue him with a British cruiser, but in some way the plan was blocked in political circles. In any case, it hurt my father that Britain had not raised a hand to save Uncle Nicky. "Those damn politicians," he used to say, "If it had been one of their kind, they would have acted fast enough. But merely because the poor man was royal. . . . " Even after the British government had recognized the U.S.S.R. it was quite a while before he could bring himself to receive the Soviet Ambassador.

My father and I had many talks about the changes that were obviously at work within the political and economic structure not only of Britain but of the whole world; and the more we discussed them the wider grew the divergence of our viewpoints.

To the end we were the best of friends; this gulf therefore was not of the heart but of generations. The ideas and notions that divided us then would if I were to repeat them seem of little consequence now; for I was certainly no cosmic thinker, with a blue-print for remaking Britain. More than a Prince I was a product of the war, with ideas of my own, a little on the cynical side maybe, but sure that I knew the answers. My father, on the other hand, was very much the King, wholly steeped in the Victorian and Edwardian traditions that had been the order under which he had lived the best and most vigorous years of his life.

His many visits to the front, combined with his tireless and sympathetic rounds of the military camps and defense plants at home, had endeared him to the British people and impressed them with

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A PRINCE AT WAR CONTINUED

the sincerity of his character. At the same time he had come to know them better. Yet the strange new concepts that were beginning to permeate our island and the seemingly reckless desire for change in everything both puzzled and vexed him, the more so because his eldest son seemed to share many of these peculiar notions.

For one thing, there was the business of wearing a top hat—the silk topper of prewar formal dress. A stickler for etiquette, my father deemed it undignified for the Prince of Wales to appear in public in anything so casual as a bowler; in fact after seeing newspaper photographs of me wearing one at a civic function in the Provinces, he had had me on the carpet. Now I would just as soon have gone around wearing a gold crown as a shiny top hat; and in defending my attitude I maintained that far from showing disrespect to the city fathers, or letting down my "position," my reluctance to wear a silk hat did in fact exhibit a certain sagacity in what we nowadays call public relations. My point was that since the political cartoonists had, rightly or wrongly, made the top hat a universal symbol of the bloated, predatory capitalist, the male members of the Royal Family would be well advised not to wear one during times of social tension.

Although my father gave up pressing me on this point, his disapproval lingered. To the end of his life he upheld his own ideas of fashion against the inroads of more practical and informal dress. He always kept a frock coat handy near his audience-room at Buckingham Palace, which he would hastily slip on whenever an official visitor was announced. And he had never yielded to the new style in men's trousers, which introduced what in England were called "turn ups" and in America, cuffs. His aversion to this innovation was impressed upon me with almost shattering finality. Now I also took pride, in my own way, in what I wore, and greeting my father one morning at breakfast in a brand-new suit, I was rather taken aback when, instead of complimenting me on my taste, he looked at me in a curious way and suddenly asked, with magnificent irrelevance, "Is it raining in here?" For a second I was speechless, but when my father repeated the question, with his eyes focused in obvious repugnance at my feet, I realized what he meant. Why hike up one's pants in such an absurd manner except to cross puddles? Thereafter, just as my father kept a frock coat handy against the arrival of unexpected visitors, I always kept a pair of old trousers without cuffs which I would slip on before I went to see him.

The new royal role

ALL this happened nearly 30 years ago and I think I can say in A all humility that I have come to understand my father better. Today to my surprise, I discovered myself standing in relation to the new war-fostered generation in much the same position as he at the end of my war stood to me. He was 53 years old when World War I ended and was eager to return to the way of life which he had known before. I am 53 today and, having lived the most active part of my life between the two wars, I now find myself regretting the pushing aside of things which I know and understand. And just as I once found myself in 1919 as a young man at variance with my more conservative father, so I now find myself unable to agree with many of the political ideas held by my young friends. It is not that I fear change, for I have never been reactionary. What I fear, and what I now realize my father always feared, was violent change; change that would sweep away fundamental and hard-bought things.

My inheritance then was a good deal more complex and hazardous than my father had bargained for. The less complicated life of
pomp and privilege for which I had been educated had lost much of
its significance; nobody quite knew how or why. In my turn as
Prince of Wales, as an instrument or symbol rather than by any
force of logic at my command, I was sent forth to discharge my public duties, or to employ the term that my brothers and I later applied to our official peregrinations, "Princing." No doubt I approached this business differently than my father or his advisers
would have had me do. But in the absence of any definite directive
from them, it represented my views of the essential objects of my
missions.

Firstly, I should try to bring the monarchy nearer to the people of Britain who, though emotionally loyal to the monarchical tradition, had become less inclined than in the past to take it all for granted. Secondly, I should travel around the world, reviving or selling the idea of Empire to the waverers within the British Dominions and Colonies while meanwhile fostering good relations with foreign countries.

In no small measure, Lloyd George at this point became architect





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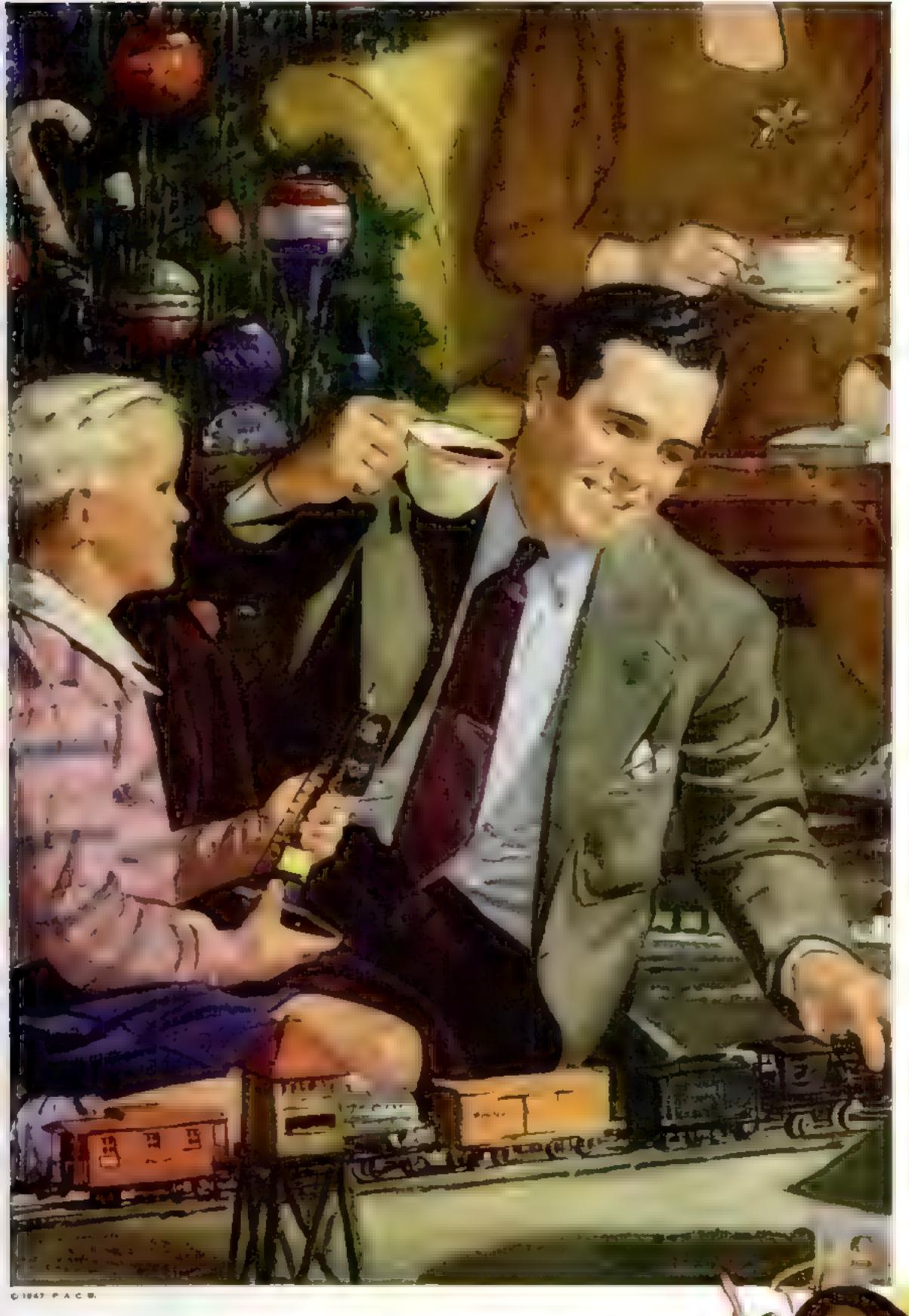
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of my career. Concerned over the decline of the British position abroad, he drove me hard. During the next 12 years I traveled constantly. The ostensible reason for these tours by which I came to know the world was that I should thank the people of the Empire, in my father's name, for their services in Britain's cause during the war. But inside this idea was another: that in addition to making myself known to the different imperial factions over which I should one day rule, I should also learn about other countries important to British life.

Traveling so much, everything came in a great rush, like scenes in a newsreel: Canadian cowpunchers, Australian sheep stations; the gold mines of the Rand; the Argentine pampas; the banzais in Japan; a charging elephant in Uganda; the Oriental splendors of India's bygone pageantry; and President Wilson, propped up in

Lincoln's bed in the White House.

I think that I can safely say that global politics has not yet produced anything to surpass these travels, unique in their variety and intensity. They were conducted at high speed and on precision schedules through hosts of people whose curiosity about a British Prince was not unmixed with suspicion. And on my side they imposed a far greater mental and physical strain than was generally realized at the time. The price of a royal welcome in Canada was a crushed right hand retired temporarily into a splint. No stranger ever sat down to finer dinners-or worse; but my digestive organs were never the same; if deposited after my death for study by some eminent physiological foundation, they would, I am positive, give rise to astounding conclusions regarding the fearsome effects of corporate hospitality. It was, of course, a splendid thing to be the subject of so many graceful and clever speeches. But where in the whole gamut of human suffering is there anything to equal the agony of devising several times a day, day after day, those few "well-chosen words" -precise and friendly, yet cautious-that my eloquent and practiced hosts expected?

All that, however, was a long time ago and meanwhile the consequences of my missions have passed into oblivion. At the time they brought forth enough eulogistic comment to encourage me to carry on. One of the few compliments I valued was paid me by an American. A shrewd politician, chary of praise, this person said to me. "You know very well, Sir, that you and I do not always agree, but by reinterpreting the monarchy in modern terms you have rendered a great service to your father and will have made the way easier for

your successors."

Be that as it may, I did not spare myself in striving to fulfill all that was expected of me in the position to which I was born.



MY TRIP TO CANADA and America in 1919 was the first of my travels around the world. This is an often published picture of me that the Duchess likes best.

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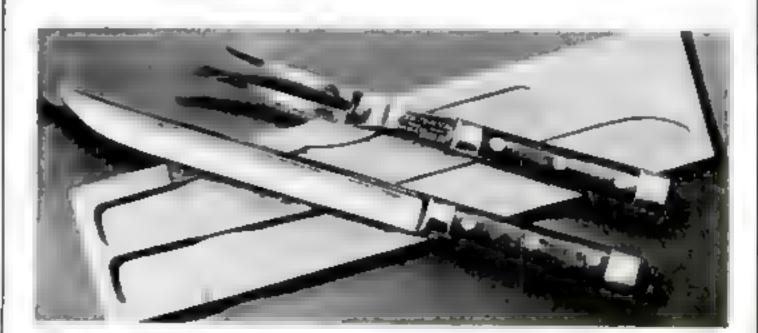


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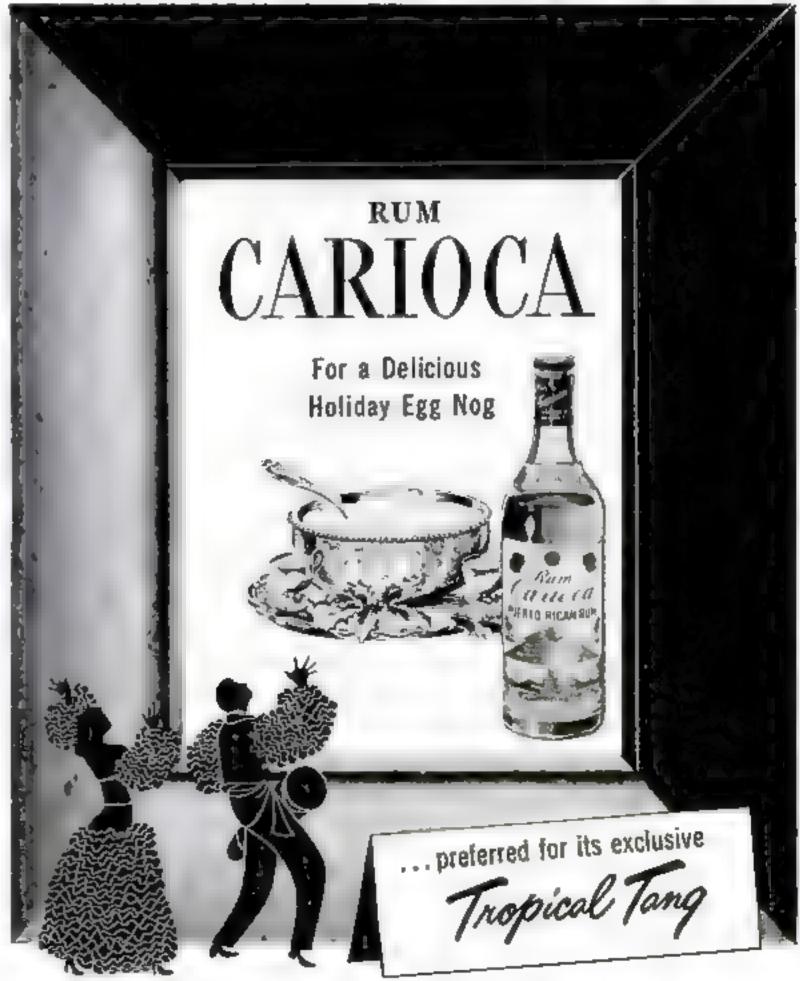
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eight new york debutantes, representative of a crop of some 200 who are making their deluitions

season display their holiday dresses in 17th Century Engh h Pine Room of the French & Company galleries. These

white dresses, made especially for the long round of holiday parties, represent weeks of arguad a plant of or

the wearers and a substantial cash outlay for their parents. The girls are (from left) Alice Stone, Joyce Dunbaugh,

Rosanne Bennet, Diane Hobbs, Constance Murray (standing), Barbara Griffiths, Audrey Keon and Natalie Winslow,

Debutantes Try on Their Party Dresses LIEF attends the husy preparations

LIFE attends the busy preparations of New York society girls as they get ready for their holiday ordeal

Although their placidly pretty faces as yet show little signs of strain, the eight girls at left, like hundreds of other New York debutantes, were this week embarking on the most grueling period of their social careers—the party-jammed Christmas holidays. For most girls the preparations had been as nervously exacting as the two-week holiday grind itself. At one time or another they had found themselves making the rounds of local nightclubs, having big luncheons to plan charity drives and assiduously rehearsing for the season's biggest cotillion (below), which will be held on Dec. 22.

Because many girls would attend at least five parties every day, including all kinds of luncheons and cocktail parties and a tremendous ball every night, few debutantes could really afford a different dress for each. The more ingenious ones overcame the difficulty by designing their own (next page). But the most notable bow to high income taxes was made by the girl who worked out a revolving plan to swap dresses with an obliging debutante cousin who was up against the same problem in another city. Even when the dress problem was solved, there remained two harsh dilemmas: 1) how to give a party which would not conflict with somebody else's, and 2) how to attend as many as possible without keeling over from exhaustion. Frequent consultations with social secretaries like Mrs. William H. Tew usually overcame the first. The second was simply a matter of the survival of the fittest. Every year there are a few who, when the long ordeal is over, have to be whisked off to Florida for a much-needed rest.



COTILLION REHEARSAL involves working out intricate dance patterns with the aid of long rayon scarves.

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NATALIE WINSLOW'S PARTY DRESSES, most of which she designed herself, include these six. In the center is a formal gown. The others (going clockwise from left) are a striped taffeta dinner dress, a fur-trimmed evening dress, an informal brown

taffeta daytime dress, a long-sleeved red velvet (her favorite) and a cocktail dress made of a Scotch jacket and a skirt salvaged from an old evening dress. At Brearley School fellow students thought she had the "smallest waist since Scarlett O'Hara."



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